

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION HISTORIC MILESTONES



PAINTED FOR THE COMPANION BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS



THE FREE PRESS OF AMERICA • CHAMPION AND PROTECTOR OF POLITICAL LIBERTY AND RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE • ELOQUENT ADVOCATE OF EDUCATION • FAITHFUL DISSEMINATOR OF NEWS • • BORN APRIL 24 • 1704 • WHEN JOHN CAMPBELL • THE EDITOR OF THE BOSTON NEWS-LETTER • TOOK THE FIRST COPY FROM THE PRESS OF BARTHOLOMEW GREEN AND GAVE IT TO CHIEF JUSTICE SEWALL



It's more fun with a Brownie

Making the paddle wheel was fun, and so was making the picture. That's the Brownie's job—to get good pictures of your good times.

Just open the camera, "click" the shutter and it's all over but the thrill you'll have when you see the print.

Brownie cameras \$2.00 up

See them at Kodak dealers'

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., *The Kodak City*

HARRIS IN THE MAZE

AT the old palace of Hampton Court, not far from London, there is a curious and intricate maze, composed of alleys separated by box trees about the height of a man's head. It is one of the easiest places in the world to get lost in, as Mr. Jerome K. Jerome indicates in his *Miscellany of Sense and Nonsense*.

Harris asked me if I had ever been in the maze at Hampton Court. He said he went in once to show somebody else the way. He had studied it up in a map, and it was so simple that it seemed foolish—hardly worth the twopence charged for admission. Harris said he thought that map must have been got up as a practical joke, because it wasn't a bit like the real thing. It was a country cousin that Harris took in. He said:

"We'll just go in here, so that you can say you've been, but it's very simple. It's absurd to call it a maze. You keep on taking the first turning to the right."

Soon after they had got inside they met some people who said they had been there for three-quarters of an hour and had had about enough of it. Harris told them they could follow him if they liked; he was just going in and then should turn round and come out again. They said it was very kind of him and fell behind and followed.

As they went along they picked up various other people who wanted to get it over, until they had all the persons in the maze. People who had given up all hopes of ever getting either in or out or of ever seeing their home and friends again plucked up courage at the sight of Harris and his party and joined the procession, blessing him. Harris said he should judge there were twenty people following him; and one woman with a baby, who had been there all the morning, insisted on taking his arm for fear of losing him. Harris kept on turning to the right, but it seemed a long way, and his cousin said he supposed it was a very big maze.

"Oh, one of the largest," said Harris. "Yes, it must be," replied the cousin, "because we've walked a good two miles already."

Harris began to think it rather strange himself, but he held on until at last they passed the half of a penny bun on the ground that Harris's cousin declared he had noticed there seven minutes before. Harris said, "Oh, impossible!" but the woman with the baby said, "Not at all," as she herself had taken it from the child and thrown it down there just before she met Harris. She added that she wished she never had met him and said he was an impostor. That made Harris mad, and he produced his map and explained his theory. "The map may be all right enough," said one of the party, "if you know whereabouts in it we are now."

Harris didn't know and suggested that the best thing to do would be to go back to the entrance and begin again. For the beginning-again part of it there was not much enthusiasm; but with regard to the advisability of going back to the entrance there was complete unanimity, and so they turned and trailed after Harris again, in the opposite direction.

About ten minutes more passed, and then they found themselves in the centre. Harris thought at first of pretending that that was what he had been aiming at; but the crowd looked dangerous, and he decided to treat it as an accident.

Anyhow they had got something to start from then. They did know where they were, and the map was once more consulted, and the thing seemed simpler than ever. Off they started for the third time.

Three minutes later they were back in the centre again.

After that they simply couldn't get anywhere else. Whatever way they turned brought them back to the middle. It became so regular at last that some of the people stopped there and waited for the others to take a walk round and come back to them. Harris drew out his map again after a while, but the sight of it only infuriated the mob, and they told him to go and curl his hair with it.

They all got crazy at last and sang out for the keeper, and the man came and climbed up the ladder outside and shouted out directions to them. But by that time all their heads were in such a confused whirl that they were incapable of grasping anything, and so the man told them to stop where they were and he would come to them. They huddled together and waited, and he climbed down and came in.

He was a young keeper, as luck would have it, and new to the business; when he got in he couldn't find them, and he wandered about, trying to get to them. And then he got lost! They caught sight of him every now and then rushing about the other side of the hedge, and he would see them and rush to get to them, and they would wait there for about five minutes, and then he would reappear again in exactly the same spot and ask them where they had been. They had to wait till one of the old keepers came back before they got out.

Harris said he thought it was a very fine maze, so far as he was a judge, and we agreed that we would try to get George to go into it on our way back.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

Copyright, 1925, by Perry Mason Company, Boston, Mass.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$2.50 TEN CENTS A COPY

FREEDOM

3

Dorothy Arno Baldwin



SHAFT of golden sunlight shot through the window of a white cottage to touch the bed in which Jean Buffum lay motionless. Her dull, hopeless eyes fixed upon the shaft in sudden passion. She wished it were a dagger to pierce her heart!

To die would have been joy compared with living like this, knowing that she could never walk again.

She had known it for a week now. The doctor had told her on just such a day as this, when the June sunshine was flooding the valley and the west wind was chasing deep-blue cloud shadows across the hills. Cruel! Never again to swing off for a glorious hike with the wind in her face and the world hers to discover. Never even to feel the earth beneath her feet again!

There was nothing to live for now. Oh, if that swerving motor had only killed her when it flung her senseless among the rocks by the roadside!

All her hopes had ended there, all her eager plans for the summer and for years to come. And it had been so unnecessary. It was only by the merest chance that she had come to St. Francis at all. Her father had been intending to make the two-days' trip out from their wilderness home at the lake alone, but at the last moment a party of campers had engaged him for a week's guiding, and it had fallen to Jean to go out to the railway for the expected supplies.

Everything had been packed into the canoe for the return trip; she had already started down the steep path to the shore when an old friend from her school days in St. Francis had called after her. She had gone back to the road just as two cars approached from opposite directions and had waited before crossing to her friend. Marie LeClerc, who was driving the car on her side, on seeing her had carelessly taken one hand from the wheel to wave. In that instant the other car had drawn near; Marie gave a quick twist to her wheel to avoid it and, too slow in reversing, struck Jean before the girl could spring aside.

So had ended—everything. It was impossible to take Jean home; the journey in a canoe up rushing rapids and over carries was too difficult. Besides, for the present she must be near the doctors. By and by perhaps when she could be moved more easily they would take her back—if there was any home by then to go to.

Their cabins at the lake had just been made ready for the season's guests, and several parties had already engaged board. The camp would have to be closed; because of the loss which that would mean it might even have to be sold. A lumberman had been trying for two or three years to buy it and the surrounding timber. Once he got control, Jean was afraid that the spot that had been home to her since childhood would be stripped of its forest and left a thing of useless ugliness for years to come.

A wave of homesickness for the woods swept over her. She longed for the fragrance of the firs, the whisper of wind through their branches, the dear woods flowers. Twin-flowers would be blossoming now, and darling white oxalis carpeting the moss. Remembrance shot her with swift pain. She could never see them growing in their haunts

"I have something to tell you—something that I hope, oh, hope—"



again! Never so much as enter the woods unless she was carried! Never!

"Asleep, Jeanie?" Her father spoke softly from the doorway.

She lifted her heavy lids. Poor father! How white and drawn he looked. He was suffering as much as she, maybe more.

"Mother Michaud sent you over these magazines. Don't you want to sit up in your chair for a while and read?"

That horrible wheel chair! But there was her father, silently begging for a sign that he could do something to please her. Jean forced a smile. "Why, yes, father, I believe I will. Mother Michaud was a dear to send these."

When Jean was settled in her chair she took up one of the magazines with a show of interest, but soon let it fall when her father had left the room. She didn't want to read of what other people were doing, people who were free, as she had been, to come and go at will, living the lives they had arranged for themselves. It hurt too much, knowing that she was out of it all. She was nothing but a useless invalid now, beaten by life at the outset, doomed to be a care and a hindrance to others to the end of her days.

A sentence upon which her eyes had been fixed unseeingly seemed to leap at her from the page to which she had opened. "It isn't the thing that's beaten that fails; it's the thing that lies down."

Lies down! As if she had wanted to! It wasn't by her choice that she had become a burden on the world. She had been forced down, yes, and fettered so that she could not rise—she to whom freedom had always meant so much.

"It isn't the thing that's beaten that fails; it's—the thing that lies down." Why, that was her body! It was only her body that was enchained. Her mind and soul were still hers to command; their freedom was dependent only upon the power and right use of her will. If she could not live the life she had

planned, the active hardy life of a wilderness guide ambitious to arouse in all she served the love that would help to save her native forests from destruction, if she could never even see those forests again, there were other things that she could do. Well, what, for example? Sewing. She hated it! Reading aloud to invalids like herself, if she could get to where they were. Oh, yes! And she could knit mufflers for the lumbermen and mittens for the village children and make knick-knacks for the church fairs. Miserable little pottering tasks! Such as they were to make her life now, but she must face the fact and accept it. It was hers to learn to love them for the sake of those for whom she did them, for the sake of her immortal soul—and God.

None but Jean ever knew the bitterness of that hour in which she fought for mastery of self.

Mr. Buffum, busy in the garden beside the house, looked up in surprise and some alarm at Jean's call from the kitchen door, then dropped his hoe and hurried to her.

"Do you suppose you could get me down this little step, father? I'm going for the mail."

The glad light that leaped into his eyes was reward enough for her effort, her first hint of reviving interest in the world.

"Of course! But are you sure you can manage? Want me to go with you?"

"Oh, I shall be all right. It's just a few steps to the post office, and there can't be many obstacles in the way. I must get used to my new 'legs'!"

It wasn't easy, that first venture back into life. The noon mail had come in only a short while before, and there were many on the street. Jean shrank from meeting the curious eyes, but she had chosen the time purposely, testing her courage for future ordeals.

Progress was slow. The chair wobbled surprisingly, and no one passed without stopping to speak. Sympathy clumsily expressed

often made her wince, but she held her head high, laughing at her mishaps and turning aside pity with a smile that well concealed the ache behind it.

After that it was easier. She forced herself to go out every pleasant day, always finding some errand to do or some way of being useful to friends and neighbors. She never saw Marie; indeed, she had not seen her since the moment her friend had gayly lifted her hand from the wheel to wave. Apparently she had gone her way with scarcely a thought for the girl whose life she had wrecked. Once or twice directly after the accident she had come to the house to inquire, but that was before Jean was allowed to have callers. She remembered vaguely having heard of her coming, but when the pain had eased and she could see her friends Marie's visits had ceased. Probably she had already left home for the summer school that Jean knew she had planned to attend, thankful to get away where no one knew and forget.

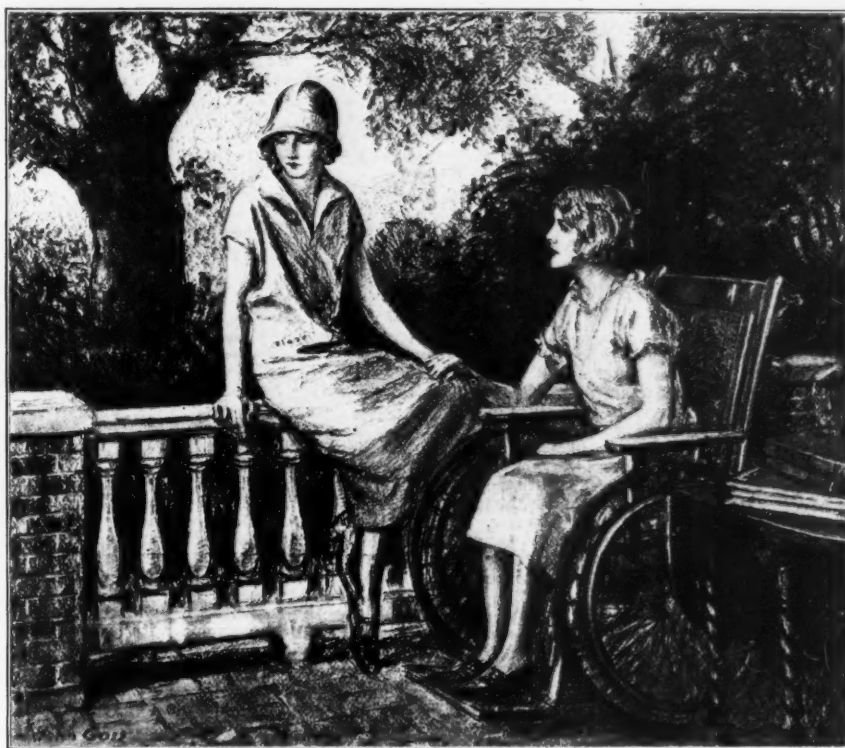
Jean was glad not to see her. Despite the fact that life was beginning to look brighter than she had dreamed it ever could look to her again, she couldn't find it in her heart to forgive the one who had made her suffer so; not yet. If the accident had been unavoidable, but it wasn't! A scrap of the most ordinary caution on Marie's part would have prevented it. Sometime of course she should have to see the girl, but perhaps by then she should be more reconciled and less ready to blame.

The meeting came, however, sooner than she expected. She was on her way home one day with a friend when on turning a corner she came face to face with Marie. The girl stopped short, and her color came and went while her eyes met Jean's. For an awkward moment neither spoke; then Jean's companion broke in with a noisy greeting that betrayed her embarrassment.

"Well, well, you're some stranger! When did you get back from—"

Marie flashed a glance at the speaker and then leaned with swift impulsiveness towards the girl in the chair. "I'm coming to see you—not today, I can't—but soon, Jean, I'm coming. Then you'll understand."

She was gone before anyone could speak again. Jean had not been prepared for the



DRAWN BY JOHN GOSS



unhappiness in the girl's eyes. Because Marie had given no tangible sign of remorse she had thought of her as caring little for what had occurred, slipping easily out from under the weight of blame to go scot-free while she herself bore a burden for life. But perhaps after all it was because she cared so much, because whatever she could give or do seemed so pitifully inadequate to make up for what she had taken away. When she should come, as she had promised, Jean meant to be generous, as generous as she could be.

Days lengthened into weeks, but she saw nothing more of Marie, and, hurt now by her neglect, Jean began to grow bitter towards her again. No doubt she had misread the expression in the girl's eyes. She could understand that the sight of her might be painful to Marie. Very well, she would certainly never force herself upon her notice.

Gradually as the summer slipped by Jean found herself transformed into one of the busiest persons in the village. It was she that folks sent for in an emergency or whenever they needed an extra pair of hands. She could go wherever there was an even surface for her chair, and there were always willing arms to lift her over a threshold or difficult places on the way.

"I declare I clean forgot you haven't got the use of your legs!" exclaimed Mother Michaud one day when, Jean having come to help with some sewing, she had asked the girl to go upstairs to fetch something. "You get about so lively in that chair of yours it's hard to remember that you can't walk."

Sometimes Jean almost forgot her trouble. But there still came black moments when the cross seemed more than she could bear. She fought through them valiantly, however, and, although she ached with homesickness for her beloved wilderness and the virile life that had been hers, she refused to be downed.

There seemed no hope now that she could ever go back. Once there, she should be helpless and a burden, whereas in the village folks needed her. Her father had put it to her gently one day and suggested that she would be happier among friends where she had found so much to occupy her. Had the cabins already been sold, she wondered? She hadn't dared to ask.

Her father was right of course. The wilderness home must take its place in the storehouse of blessed memories, which was crowded with things forever past. She was glad, oh, glad that she had known it, but she must never let herself wish it back. Another life was hers now, and she owed to it the best that she could give in return for rich gifts that it daily brought her.

More and more often the thought of Marie came back. It was not true that she didn't care. Wherever she might be, whatever she might do, she would always be haunted by the memory of the girl she had crippled. Jean wished that she could see her. It might make it easier for her to know that there were compensations, that she, Jean, was finding things in life that she might never have known were there but for her loss—gentle, kindly things, tenderness in unexpected places and such a wealth of love! It was as if, being denied so much, she was privileged to enter deeper into the hearts of those about her. She held the key to warm, secret corners that were closed to most.

"At least I can write to her," decided Jean, and with the thought she started out in the direction of the LeClerc's. The family were away,—she knew that they had been away all summer,—but the people next door would have the address. But it happened that they, too, were away, and Jean turned her chair homeward, meaning to hunt up some friend of Marie's who could tell her where to write.

On her way some one called to her from a yard where two children were playing. "Could you spare half an hour to look out for Amy and Leon while I run over to Mrs. Scott's? I promised I'd come over this afternoon if I could get anybody to stay with them."

"I can as well as not," replied Jean, guiding her chair through the open gate.

It was not until Mrs. Davis had gone, leaving her alone with the lively youngsters, that Jean felt any misgivings. She should have remembered her handicap and refused to be responsible for such frisky young colts as she knew these to be. They would be a handful even for a normal active person, and it was a real problem for her to keep them within reasonable bounds. The advent of a fresh audience inspired them to "show off" their most daring feats, and no amusement

that Jean could devise held any attraction for them.

At last she thought of stories, remembering Amy's rapt face as she had listened one day to some tale. For a wonder they greeted the proposal with delight.

"Yes! Yes! Come on, Leon, you and I'll climb in the buggy to listen. Quick, Miss Jean, back by the big pine! Will you?" The child stood poised like a hummingbird, awaiting only the word of approval to be off.

"All right," assented Jean, glad to agree to any arrangement that would keep them in one place for five minutes.

She had noticed the buggy under the trees by the old cart road that pitched sharply over the brow of the precipitous hill behind the house. Presumably it was a customary play seat and was safe. She turned her chair as quickly as she could to follow the children, who had flashed past her and were even now clambering over the high wheels.

"Wait! Get down! Amy! Leon!"

Oh, careless! Why hadn't she made certain first that there could be no danger? The buggy was standing in the grass-grown road and seemed almost at the edge of the steep drop.

Amy was already over the dashboard. Leon, holding to it as he stood on the shafts, turned to look back in surprise at Jean's outcry. Amy too stood for a second to stare; then, seeing Jean wheeling rapidly towards them, she dropped on the seat with a bounce just as her brother sprawled over the dashboard.

It was all that was needed to give impetus to the buggy. Jean, almost within grasp of the shafts, saw it hitch backward and then start to roll slowly, then fast and faster. She screamed to them to jump, trying instinctively at the first motion of the vehicle to spring from her chair and run to seize the thills. She couldn't get up! Even in that crisis her legs failed to respond, but, straining forward, she overbalanced herself and fell face downward on the ground, with the screams of the terrified children in her ears.

She struggled to sit up, crying out for help. The buggy had slipped suddenly from sight. There was a sickening crash from below; then all was still. A man came running and with startled exclamations tried to lift Jean.

"No! No! Let me be! The children—down there!" Shuddering, she covered her face with her hands.

She knew what must have happened, and in a rush of agonized understanding her heart went out to Marie. This was what the girl had suffered! A second's carelessness and human life sent to—destruction or worse! No anguish of spirit that she, Jean, had endured for herself could compare with this, the torture of knowing that she was responsible for possible needless death.

Only a miracle it seemed could have saved the children. The road, which was used now only as a path leading up from the river meadows two or three hundred feet below, dropped straight for the first steep pitch and then bent sharply to ease the grade. There were trees at the turn and rocks. That was where the buggy had crashed, and the children—

"They're all right, Jean! Just scratched a little and frightened. Jean, dear! Oh, poor Jean!" Swift footsteps came over the hill, and Marie dropped beside her, comforting her in her arms. "The buggy tipped before it struck anything, and the children fell out on a pile of boughs. Not hurt a bit really."

"Thank God!" Jean lifted rejoicing eyes to meet in Marie's the sorrow from which the girl could not be free. "Don't look so, dear! It's all right truly. I've been wanting to tell you, there are so many good things—"

Others came up the hill, Marie's brother, Joe, and the man who had come at Jean's call; they were carrying the children. By the time Mrs. Davis returned scratches had been carefully attended to, the wrecked buggy brought up the road and safely stored, and except for the subdued spirits of the children there was little to show of the effects of the accident.

"I was on my way to see you today, Jean," began Marie when later the two were together on the Buffums' porch. "I have something to tell you—something that I hope, oh, hope—don't expect too much, Jean, but I heard of a doctor, a fine surgeon, and I sent for him to come up to camp. He thinks—of course he can't really tell till he's seen you, but—oh, Jean, Jean, if he can only make you walk!"

Marie's incoherence broke in a sob. Jean reached for her hand and grasped it; she could not trust herself to speak at once. She

hadn't realized that she still cared so much. "When—will he come?"

"Somebody will bring him out tomorrow. Joe and I paddled on ahead to let you know. He thinks possibly an operation might make you right. But don't hope—"

"I won't!" Jean laughed unsteadily, with a light in her eyes that showed that hope refused to be thrust out. "But you spoke of camp. What camp? Where have you been?"

Marie flushed, smiling guiltily. "Then they kept the secret. I knew your father would, but I was afraid you might hear some way. We've been at the lake, holding the fort, you know—all of us except father, who had to stay in the shops. I didn't want you to know till we were sure of success, and

then there came such a rush of people after I was down that day that I couldn't get away again. It's been a wonderful season! I brought the books with me to show your father; there's a nice little profit for him."

"Then all this time you've been doing that for me—giving up summer school and all your wonderful plans!" Jean's eyes filled with tears.

"Why, it was the very least I could do, dear, wasn't it? You would have done the same for me. And after all it doesn't count for anything unless you're made free."

"It counts for love," said Jean, "and that's the best thing in the world. As for freedom," she added mysteriously, "why, I think I found that some hours ago."

The SPLENDID YEAR

By Arthur Stanwood Pier

Chapter Seven. The big game



HE captain of the Pythians was so incensed by what he regarded as Northrop's insolent and disloyal attitude that he could not refrain from describing the episode to his friends, Jim Allen and Harry Brown, when he saw them at supper that evening.

"Gloating over the fact that they ran up thirty-six points against us—grinning and saying, 'One of the worst lickings on record, wasn't it!'" Wilson's voice quivered with indignation as he recited Northrop's words. "What do you think of it! A fellow that had played on the team!"

Naturally Allen and Brown shared Wilson's indignation. They repeated the story of Northrop's spiteful remarks,—it lost nothing in the telling,—and soon everyone in the Upper School knew that Northrop was a fellow that nobody could any longer have much use for. Kay and Desmond tried to defend him, but when they were pressed to deny the essential truth of the story on which the judgment was based they could not do it. Nor could they interpret the incident in a manner that was favorable to Northrop and that could satisfy his critics. The explanation that Northrop was not himself on account of his poor showing in the game did not seem to anybody an adequate explanation, and it was the only one that Kay and Desmond could give.

Almost immediately therefore Northrop became aware of an increased coldness of manner on the part of the fellows of his class and dormitory. He reacted as he might be expected to do; he was as cold to others as they were to him. Indeed, he discouraged the approaches that both Kay and Henderson tried to make—Kay out of friendliness, Henderson out of remorse. Northrop let them both see that he was unforgiving.

Henderson talked freely with Sydney Desmond about the situation. He admitted that Northrop had a right to feel bitter against him. "But, confound it, I like the fellow," Henderson said. "I want to get back on the old basis with him, but he simply turns away from me if I go near him. He has a grouse against the whole human race—with the possible exception of you. And that's a funny thing. You were the one fellow that he used to be down on."

"I think he doesn't care one way or the other about me," replied Sydney. "All I've done for him is to get him a key to the library. He asked me two or three days ago if I couldn't arrange that for him—said he sometimes would like to go in there for the half hour after supper before study, when it's always locked. I got Dr. Davenport's consent and gave Northrop a key, but that's hardly enough to make him my friend for life."

Henderson sighed. "He used to be amusing—good fun to be with. Why does he want to get in bad with everyone?"

"I guess that will wear off. He's temperamental, that's all."

"Yes. It's a foolish thing for anybody to be. If you're easy-going, you have a much better time in life. Well,"—Henderson pulled himself out of Sydney's comfortable chair,— "I guess we'll have to let the old thing do his own worrying."

There was certainly no disposition on the part of anyone else in these days to take upon himself the burden of Northrop's troubles. The approaching game with St. John's furnished a topic of such excited conversation that anyone who was not immediately concerned in it was hardly an attractive subject for gossip. The school buzzed for a couple of days with discussions as to who most deserved to play in the positions for which there was keen competition; and then, when the announcement of the eleven was made and the final preparation for the game began, opinion, rumor and surmise filled the ears of the boys and unsettled their minds. That Tom Harley was overtrained, that Harry Brooks was in danger of going stale, that Fred Kay's knee was bothering him, were samples of the reports that caused anxious and dismayed questioning; that Mr. Willett, the coach, had perfected a trick play of marvelous mystery and efficiency, that Frank Hudson, the quarterback, was showing wonderful qualities of generalship, and that Jim Neale, the fullback, could outkick anyone on the St. John's team were assurances that were passed from one to another eagerly. But the noncombatant multitude were not permitted to dissipate their energies and emotions in the mere discussion of possibilities. In the afternoons it was regarded as a duty to go to the athletic field and encourage the team by watching their practice and by frequently rendering under appointed leaders the school cheer.

Although Northrop had now quite abandoned the expectation of receiving any honor or reward while he remained at St. Timothy's, he looked at the list of cheer leaders when it was posted on the bulletin board; he looked with a momentary glimmering of hope, which was instantly extinguished. Then with sardonic countenance he studied the names of the four who had been appointed; three were sixth-formers; the only fifth-former on the list was Sydney Desmond, a new boy and a nonathlete.

"That's what it is to be an invalid," Northrop ruminated. "One thing after another handed to you on a platter. But if you're unlucky enough to be able-bodied and work hard and have hard luck, you get nothing."

Northrop was not among those who witnessed the daily football practice and took part in the cheering. He found the library a more congenial scene, even though on these afternoons he was likely to have it pretty much to himself. The occupation in which he engaged there began to take on a certain fascination. He was going through the contents of the biography alcove, reading the chapters that dealt with the boyhood and youth of great men; it was a source of comfort and even of pride to him to find that a

good many of them had been unhappy and misunderstood in their early years. He discovered that he had much in common with some of these men who later became famous. He prized the saying upon which he happened, "To be great is to be misunderstood." It seemed to him that there might be a certain appropriate distinction in his position. The story of Napoleon Bonaparte's unpopularity as a student at Brienne appealed to him; he felt that in that young artilleryman there was a kindred soul.

When the day of the football game with St. John's arrived Northrop refused to let himself be affected by the general excitement. He thought how scornful the young Alexander Hamilton would have been of emotions aroused by so puerile an occasion; he imagined the haughty disdain with which Napoleon Bonaparte would have retired within himself; he even ventured to believe that Abraham Lincoln would have stood aloof and looked on with mildly derisive eyes. Fortified by such conceptions, he stood at a window in the library instead of mingling with the throng of St. Timothy's boys, little and big, in the square below; and from that lonely point of vantage he witnessed the arrival of the invaders in large "sight-seeing" automobiles. They came shouting and waving blue flags; as they descended from their caravans they were welcomed with the St. Timothy's cheer, with three long "St. John's!" at the end; Northrop observed that it was one of the sixth-form cheer leaders, Jerry Maxwell, who had scrambled up on a gatepost and had called for the demonstration. He thought that Sydney Desmond showed good sense in not making himself conspicuous right at the start anyway.

The St. John's fellows crowded together and responded to the courtesy with a cheer for St. Timothy's. Then the brass band that they had brought with them struck up a march, and they fell in behind it and moved down the road towards the athletic field. St. Timothy's waited until they had got beyond the bend and the sound of their music had died away; then their own brass band, with Jerry Maxwell in front as drum major, stepped off with a fine blare, and St. Timothy's ranks followed, shouting out the song that their band was playing. Northrop at that upper window felt an almost overwhelming impulse to run down the stairs and fall into line with his schoolmates; but he called to mind the vision of stern, sardonic youths with great futures before them turning contemptuously from so frivolous a spectacle; the thought strengthened him and with lips curled and jaw set befittingly he withdrew from the window and directed his steps to that alcove where he communed so profitably with the great spirits of the past.

Meanwhile Sydney Desmond marched behind the band. In spite of the appointment that had been bestowed upon him he was not a conspicuous figure either during the march to the field or during the game. The three sixth-formers who had been designated did all the cheer-leading; Sydney remained merely one of the crowd. He threw back his head and shouted with enthusiasm when shouting was called for; but most of the time he was the keen, alert observer, the expert student of the game, and in consequence he was followed back and forth along the side line by a group of fellows who listened eagerly and respectfully to his comments.

"They've got more power behind the line, and we've got more power in the line," he declared after the first few minutes of play, during which neither side had made any pronounced gains. "If the breaks come anywhere near even, I should think our best chance to win was by the forward pass. It doesn't look to me as if we could get a score by straight rushing."

"Jim Neale might kick a goal from the field," suggested Philip Henderson. "He's good for it anywhere up to thirty yards."

"Yes, there ought to be a good chance of that. But even if he does, three points aren't very many. I somehow think it will take a touchdown to decide this game."

In the first half both St. John's and St. Timothy's seemed once near to scoring. One of the St. John's guards blocked a kick on St. Timothy's fifteen-yard line and fell upon the ball, yet after that happening St. Timothy's cheered as hard as St. John's to put spirit into their team. And their team responded; the St. John's backs could not break through the line; the forward pass that they attempted failed; and finally their halfback's drop kick went wide of the goal. Then Jim Neale for St. Timothy's got off a punt that was not blocked and that the St.

John's quarterback fumbled. Harry Brooks recovered the ball for St. Timothy's, and in a few moments a successful forward pass and a gain of fifteen yards through right tackle had brought St. Timothy's so close to the goal line that all their supporters were clamoring, "Touchdown! Touchdown!"

The ball was passed to Wilson, the left halfback—Wilson, the Pythian captain; and Wilson fumbled it. He recovered it, to be sure, but at a loss of ten yards; and then St. Timothy's failed to score, just as St. John's had failed.

When, a few minutes later, the half ended Sydney said to Henderson, "Anyway, that ought to have done some thing towards getting Northrop back to normal."

"How do you work that out?"

"Why, in the crisis Wilson made pretty much the same sort of error as the one he pulled Northrop out of the game for making."

"That's right," exclaimed Henderson. "But I suppose Jack won't feel he's avenged unless Wilson is canned the same way that he was."

"Maybe he won't be so vindictive as all that. I'll look round for him; this might be a good time to have a word with him."

But, though Sydney strolled up and down the St. Timothy's side of the field, he could not find Northrop. He even went round to the St. John's side on the chance that Northrop might have crossed over to chat with some visiting friend. His search there was equally unsuccessful; he lingered for a few moments, interested in glancing at the fellows who seemed in appearance so much like those whom he saw daily and yet who were all unknown to him. Coming near to them in this way, so that he could see them as individuals, gave him a friendlier feeling towards them. He hoped they would go home beaten, but he knew now that, if they did, he would have some feeling of sympathy for them—a feeling that he had not imagined he could entertain towards St. John's under any circumstances.

When he returned to the St. Timothy's side of the field he found that Henderson too had been searching for Northrop without success.

"It can't be that he didn't come to the game," exclaimed Henderson.

"It might be. I haven't seen him all the afternoon, have you?"

"No. But a fellow surely wouldn't stay away from this game!"

Yet even Henderson was obliged at last to conclude that Northrop had done that incredible thing; the second half began, and he did not appear anywhere among the spectators.

"He wasn't sick; he was at classes this morning," said Henderson. "I think, you know, this is carrying a grouch too far."

He spoke with resentment, as if Northrop had been guilty of a personal affront in thus absenting himself; however, he soon forgot the grievance and became again absorbed in the game. Sydney, though equally interested, could not rid himself of the disturbed feeling that Northrop was somewhere needing help yet not knowing how to ask for it.

Towards the end of the third period St. John's worked the ball down to the St. Timothy's twenty-yard line; and there the St. John's fullback kicked a goal from the field. It seemed to be the one thing needed to rouse the home eleven to a demonstration of its full power. For almost immediately, even while St. John's were still cheering as if they had the game won, St. Timothy's started to carry the ball up the field. Their more rugged and robust line men were at last wearing down their opponents, and their backs were plunging through the openings made for them with a desperation that they had not before shown. And suddenly Sydney Desmond's prediction was fulfilled; on a forward pass from Hudson to Kay St. Timothy's planted the ball three yards from the St. John's goal line; and on the next play they pushed it across for a touchdown, after which Wilson kicked the goal.



Sydney with a rush seized him

With only a few minutes to play it was unlikely that St. John's could make another score. They fought hard, and their supporters cheered them to the end; but when the timekeeper's whistle blew the game was St. Timothy's by a score of 7 to 3.

Sydney joined in the march up and down the field behind the brass band; he joined in the serpentine dance when the ranks of marchers linked arms and pranced back and forth, still following the band, which led them first between the goal posts at one end of the field and then between those at the other end. Yet even while he thus gave himself up to the prevailing spirit of celebration he felt a little sorry for the St. John's fellows who stood so quietly looking on or who moved away so slowly and disconsolately; still more did he feel sorry for the one St. Timothy's boy who was not sharing in the rejoicing.

The victors prolonged their celebration of victory; they moved finally over to the athletic house and stood in front of it waiting until the members of their team emerged; then with those heroes preceding the brass band they marched to the square in front of the study building and gathered round the flag pole from which floated the school flag. Then suddenly a flash of inspiration occurred to Sydney Desmond.

While Jerry Maxwell was mounting the gatepost preliminary to exhorting the audience to give three times three for each member of the team in turn who could be called upon to mount the opposite gatepost Sydney slipped out of the crowd and entered the study building. He climbed the stairs to the top floor, on which was the library, tried the door softly, found it locked and opened it as noiselessly as possible with his key. Then he switched on the lights and called, "Northrop!"

Instantly from one of the alcoves Northrop appeared. He looked startled and disconcerted. "How did you know I was here?" he asked.

"I guessed. When you weren't anywhere else—and I remembered about your key. What have you been doing?"

"Looking out of the window—looking on."

Outside from below the rhythmic beat of the cheering ascended. Sydney joined Northrop at the window where they could look down on the throng. In the dusk, with only the illumination from the street lamps, faces were not distinguishable; but the two figures standing on the gateposts, one gesticulating vividly with his arms and body, the other motionless, could be seen, and the cheer came up clearly enough: "Wilson! Wilson! Wilson!"

"What was the score?" asked Northrop.

"Seven to three."

"Must have been a good game. Why

aren't you down there, leading the cheering?"

"I'm not a cheer leader."

"You were appointed one."

"Yes, but I resigned."

"What for? It's quite an honor."

"Well, I'd promised the doctor I wouldn't do anything violent, and you can't be a good cheer leader without being violent. You've got to put all you have into it. Like Maxwell down there. They didn't need anybody else really."

"You could have done it just as well, I guess," Northrop thought how he had coveted the honor and felt it must have been no easy thing to put it aside.

"It's a small matter anyway."

The two boys hung out of the window side by side in silence and watched and listened. Finally the last player had been cheered, the leader descended from his post, and the closely packed crowd began to disperse.

Then Sydney drew in his head and looked round. On a chair in the alcove was the book that Northrop had evidently been reading—volume one of General Grant's Memoirs. He pulled at Northrop's coat and made him turn away from the window. "Sit down," he said. "I want to talk to you."

Reluctantly Northrop slid down into a chair. Sydney stood leaning against the shelves of books. "I bet you could never pass an examination on what you've read this afternoon," said Sydney.

"Oh, I don't know." Then Northrop abandoned his grudging manner and admitted frankly, "No, and I didn't read much either. The cheering from the game reached me; it was too distracting."

"Why in the world didn't you go down there then?"

"Because I was sore with the crowd and stubborn with myself. I still am. Anyway I didn't suppose anyone would miss me."

"Phil Henderson and I hunted all over the field for you."

"Phil Henderson might just as well give up hunting for me. I'm not at home. You can tell him that if you like."

"Why should I like to carry disagreeable messages? Is that your idea of giving me pleasure?"

"You think I'm going to sit here while you stand and lecture me? I guess not."

Northrop started to rise from his chair, but before he got halfway out of it Sydney with a rush seized him and forcing him back into his seat, held him there.

"It's an awful strain sometimes to have to obey doctor's orders," he said grimly. "I believe, if I ever do kick over the traces and do something violent, it will be because of you."

Northrop gaped at him, astonished—too

astonished to offer resistance. After a moment Sydney relaxed the iron grip that he had taken of Northrop's arms and straightened up.

"Now let's talk sense, both of us," he said. "I think you got a pretty rough deal in that Pythian-Corinthian game. But when you saw Wilson and Kay and me after it, what possessed you to talk as you did?"

"I didn't want your pity," said Northrop, flushing. "I didn't want it at least from Wilson—and I knew it was coming from him. And I was glad to get back at him, after the way he'd humiliated me on the field. He might have let me stay in for one or two more plays—not kicked me out of the game right after that fumble!"

"Yes, I know. And as it was he didn't gain anything by putting you out. And this afternoon he made the same kind of a misplay himself—dropped the ball just when we

were all set up for a touchdown. That ought to make you feel better."

"Of course it isn't just playing poorly and being kicked out of the game that I mind," said Northrop after a pause. "They came as a sort of climax to other things. Everybody's down on me; the fellows that I thought were my friends have turned against me; and I've failed in everything I've tried to do. It's just begun to dawn on me that I'm not really a success in life."

"What of it? Look at that book there," Sydney pointed to the Memoirs of General Grant. "There was a fellow that wasn't a success in life when he was a good many years older than you. Don't think so much about being a success; just tend to your job."

"What job have I any more? I tell you I can't go into things the way I used to—simply because I feel differently about the fellows, and they feel differently about me."

Then came to Sydney's mind the words that Dr. Davenport had said to him on his first day at St. Timothy's. They seemed to apply to Northrop's case as well as to his own.

"What you ought to do then is to find a new interest. There are plenty of things that you might do here and that you've never done. Go in for photography and join the Camera Club; go in for ornithology and join the Bird Club; go in for geology and join Mr. Warner's walks; write for the Mirror."

"Isn't it too late to join those walks that you go on?" interrupted Northrop.

"No; fellows are coming in all the time."

"I might try that, I suppose."

"Next time we go out I'll take you along."

The bell rang, summoning the boys to assemble for the hour of study before supper.

"Come along," said Sydney, and as Northrop rose he added, "And don't bury yourself away from everybody like this again." He

slipped his arm inside Northrop's, and Northrop smiled—shamefaced and pleased.

Thus they descended the stairs. In the corridor on the ground floor they encountered Henderson, Kay and Neale; and Sydney felt Northrop stiffen at once.

"Found him, did you?" Henderson called to Sydney. Then as they drew nearer he said to Northrop with an air of good-natured banter, "Why in thunder did you want to hide away and miss that game?"

"So as to be sure of not seeing you for one thing," Northrop said acidly.

"You must have been pleasant company for yourself," retorted Henderson.

The ringing of the schoolroom bell prevented any further interchange; but Sydney remarked to Northrop as he released his arm, "I guess sometime you'll make me forget my promise to the doctors."

TO BE CONTINUED.

GREEN CORN ON THE FOURTH OF JULY



GREEN corn in the milk fit to boil for the table by the Fourth of July is no remarkable phenomenon south of New England or even in Connecticut and Rhode Island, but in Maine it would almost pass for a miracle. Never or very

rarely did we get an ear of our little Tom Thumb sweet corn ready to boil or roast before the middle of August and often not until the twentieth. The Maine climate is too cold for early garden products. Planting the corn early delays rather than expedites it, for the seed kernels will be pretty sure to rot in the ground if planted before the fifth of May; or if the stalks come up, they become stunted and fail to grow much before the hot days of the last of June. Moreover, killing white frosts are likely to come as late as the first of June.

Yet the chief obstacle that holds corn back is less the frosts than the coldness of the ground; corn will not germinate and grow till the soil is warm; and in Maine, where the earth sometimes freezes to a depth of four feet, the tardy spring suns fail to thaw it out and warm it up fit for seeds till late in May. If you lift a spadeful of the garden soil and put your hand into

the hole, the chill of the ground will explain why the farmers often say, "No use to plant corn till June."

"Oh, yes, you can plant it," the old squire used to say to us impatient youngsters. "You can plant it if you want to, but you will get green corn earlier if you wait till the ground feels warm to your hand."

And then early in September come frosts again. "The difficulty with us," one farmer said to me last fall, "is that our Maine summer is a little too short at both ends."

But one season at the old farm years ago we actually had green corn, a few small Tom Thumb ears, boiled and on the table for dinner on the Fourth of July—and that, as I have said, was almost a miracle. At least our neighbors thought so, for they had none and until we sent them sample ears would not believe that we had any. Although there were no white frosts after the middle of May, it was not an unusually favorable season; moreover, the corn stood in the farm garden, exposed to wind and weather. The way it was brought forward is rather interesting, for I doubt whether the means used have been employed either before or since.

Maine, as students of geology know, is not a limestone country, yet scattered over its diversified surface are many sporadic

outcrops of lime rock like those in Aroostock County and at Rockland and Thomaston, where many casks of lime are manufactured every year and go far toward supplying the domestic demand for quick lime. One such outcrop, although of no great extent, occurs on a hillside in what was an outlying lot of our old farm in Oxford County. My cousin Addison discovered it after he began to take an interest in mineralogy.

I well remember the day he found it. He had been off all the afternoon on one of his solitary tramps and did not come home till after dark. He had a sackful of specimens, which he exhibited at the supper table; there were quartz crystals, rose quartz, molybdenite, black and green tourmaline, galena, graphite and many other minerals that he took out and ranged in a row on the table. Halstead and I looked on rather enviously, Grandmother Ruth and the old squire approvingly and with not a little pride in the attainments of their grandson.

The certainty with which he named so many different kinds of minerals was a source of wonder to me. I could not understand how he knew so much. The secret of it probably was that he took a keen interest in the subject. He had been studying minerals for two or three years. Mr. Linscott,

By C. A. Stephens

the preceptor at the village academy, six miles from the old squire's, had lent him a blowpipe and a lamp, and with those Addison had learned to fuse minerals and to determine what they were. To see him blow a steady jet of flame from the pipe without seeming to pause to draw in his breath was another marvel for Halstead and myself. Neither of us could do it.

"This specimen came from up beyond Hedgehog Hill," said he, holding up a bluish-gray chunk of rock. "It's limestone of what seems pretty good, clear quality. There's quite a broad ledge of it. It would make good lime, I think, as good as what they burn at Rockland. And it is on your land, sir," he added with a glance at the old squire. "Now, there isn't much limestone in this part of the state, and I don't see why you might not start a lime kiln up there and make enough lime to supply this whole county. People are always wanting a few casks, you know, for plastering rooms in new houses and for mortar to lay chimneys. If we were to make lime and keep it on hand, I think there would be quite a steady sale for it."

The old squire seemed considerably impressed with the idea. To the end of his days he could be easily aroused to new enterprises that promised to be profitable. The dream of the old gentleman's life—ever after we young folks went home to the old farm to live—was to make a fortune, so as to give us a liberal education and a good start in the world. In that hope he reëmbarked in the lumber business at the age of sixty, for earlier in life he had been a lumberman as well as a farmer. "Money is a good thing—if you get it honestly and use it well afterwards," he used to say to us.

That evening he sat for some time, considering what Addison had said; then he asked Addison whether he thought there was an extensive deposit of the limerock and whether it would be difficult to reach the place with teams.

"It looks to be quite a wide ledge on a side hill," Addison replied. "And a winter road could be swamped to it along the bank of Lurvey's Stream. But you had better go up and look at it yourself, sir. I will go up with you tomorrow if you say so."

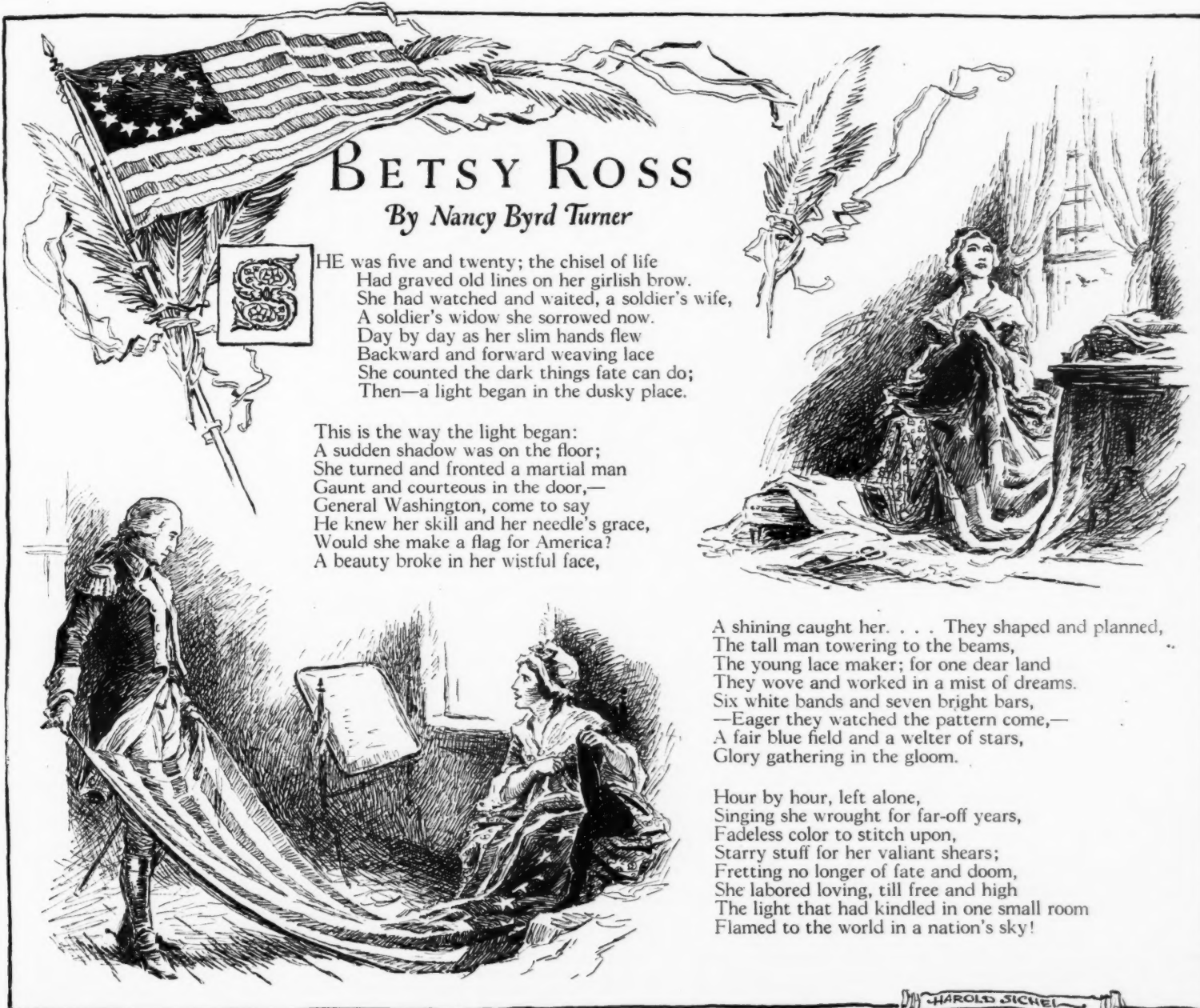
They went in the afternoon, taking a sledge and drills, and returned just after sunset with more specimens. It was plain that the old squire's interest had been raised to a point of considerable hopefulness, so much so that Grandmother Ruth began to look concerned. She was afraid of the old squire's new projects; some of them had not prospered greatly.

During the following winter the old gentleman went ahead with the enterprise, blasted out a quantity of the limerock and built a circular lime kiln partly of stone and partly of brick made at "Nervy's clay bank" two miles below. The kiln was designed to hold seven tons of limerock at a burning and was on the hillside below the ledge, so that the broken limerock could be moved down to it by gravity and dumped in at the top. Fifty cords of wood were also cut for burning the rock in the kiln in order to produce commercial lime. The chemical process consists in driving the carbon dioxide gases from the chunks of rock by

The ground was steaming over a place as large as a cartwheel

DRAWN BY HAROLD SICHEL





BETSY ROSS

By Nancy Byrd Turner

HE was five and twenty; the chisel of life
Had graved old lines on her girlish brow.
She had watched and waited, a soldier's wife,
A soldier's widow she sorrowed now.
Day by day as her slim hands flew
Backward and forward weaving lace
She counted the dark things fate can do;
Then—a light began in the dusky place.

This is the way the light began:
A sudden shadow was on the floor;
She turned and fronted a martial man
Gaunt and courteous in the door,—
General Washington, come to say
He knew her skill and her needle's grace,
Would she make a flag for America?
A beauty broke in her wistful face,

A shining caught her. . . . They shaped and planned,
The tall man towering to the beams,
The young lace maker; for one dear land
They wove and worked in a mist of dreams.
Six white bands and seven bright bars,
—Eager they watched the pattern come,—
A fair blue field and a welter of stars,
Glory gathering in the gloom.

Hour by hour, left alone,
Singing she wrought for far-off years,
Fadeless color to stitch upon,
Starry stuff for her valiant shears;
Fretting no longer of fate and doom,
She labored loving, till free and high
The light that had kindled in one small room
Flamed to the world in a nation's sky!

HAROLD SICHEL

heat; that leaves a residue of white quicklime, which is then put into casks for sale.

The old squire and Addison journeyed to Rockland to learn the details of lime manufacture and also hired a man, who had worked there, to assist them. The following spring, we made one hundred casks of fairly good commercial lime and advertised the fact in two local newspapers. A number of persons came to buy it; but the low price of lime at that time made the profits from the venture very slight. Lime brought only a dollar a cask, and it cost us twenty-three cents to make the empty casks. Add to that fifteen cents a cask for blasting out the lime-rock from the hillside, thirty cents for wood to burn it, twenty cents more in wages for men to tend the kiln and put the quicklime into casks, and there remained hardly enough to pay for hauling the casks down from the lot to the storehouse that the old squire built beyond the south barn. The project had worked out well so far as manufacturing lime went, but the drop in price brought the enterprise to a standstill.

Of the first hundred casks eleven or twelve remained unsold for a year or two, and with the lumps of quicklime Addison was wont to perform various chemical experiments as new ideas occurred to him. He always liked to astonish others by starting something that seemed mysterious.

One morning in May that spring he came in to breakfast and said with a perfectly straight face that he guessed a volcano or else a geyser was going to burst forth from the earth out in the garden. "I saw steam coming out of the ground," said he, "and when I went along there and put my hand down I found the earth was quite hot. I

don't know what would become of us here if a volcano should burst forth!" he added with a look of concern.

Halstead and I ran out to see if it were really so, and Theodora, Ellen and even Grandmother Ruth followed hard after us; but the old squire went on with his breakfast. Sure enough, the ground was steaming over a place as large as a cart wheel and was very hot. Theodora and Ellen looked apprehensive, but Halstead and I, who had had considerable experience with Addison's ways, brought a shovel and began digging. A foot or so beneath the surface we came upon perhaps a peck of lime in a burlap sack, already partly slaked and white hot. The process of slaking, as is well known, generates a great amount of heat from oxygen's uniting with the calcium of the quicklime.

Addison, who had kept a little in the rear, now went to the house, laughing, and did not deny that he had buried the lime there after moistening it with a dash of water.

After that we ought to have understood why certain things happened a year later, but we failed to connect one incident with another. In truth I think that Halstead and I had nearly or quite forgotten "Ad's volcano," as we called it.

By the second of June the following summer we noticed that a row of sweet corn—about fifteen hills—planted along the hither side of the garden was growing unusually fast, looking very rank and dark green. Out in the fields and elsewhere the corn shoots had as yet scarcely broken the ground; but that row of Tom Thumb was ten inches high, and the leaves were unfolding luxuriantly. Even chilly nights

appeared not to check it; as days passed it came on steadily. By the middle of June the stalks began to tassel. On the eighteenth the silk was beginning to show. Field corn and corn in our neighbors' gardens were now no more than six inches above ground, growing slowly as usual.

What had possessed that row of sweet corn to grow like that was more than we could imagine. The garden had been fertilized exactly as usual. Several times I saw the old squire out there, regarding the corn with much curiosity. But if he had surmises concerning it, he kept them to himself.

Grandmother Ruth more than hinted that the abnormal growth foreshadowed some ominous changes of climate. "I'm afraid it means that winter will come on early this year," she said.

Our neighbors began to hear of the corn and called to see it. They thought we were using some new, stimulative kind of fertilizer.

"What is it?" they asked. "Is it guano? Where did you buy it?"

Elder Witham, who lived at the parsonage and took a great interest in his garden there, was particularly inquisitive. "You ought to tell us about it," he said to the old squire. "Looks as if you had made a great discovery. I hope you aren't going to keep it to yourself and hide your light under a bushel?"

The old squire assured them all that the garden had been dressed exactly as on previous years, and that no new magic fertilizer had been purchased.

Ellen kept an account of the number of people who called to see the corn from the

twenty-second to the twenty-fifth of June. Thirty-eight I think it was. And by that time those fifteen hills of corn were not only tasseled and four feet high but well silked, and ears were beginning to form. It is safe to say that not another corn tassel had shown itself in that county, and probably not in the state, even in the southernmost county of York. Much of the corn in the fields was no more than six inches high and still looked sparse and pale.

I didn't notice it at the time but remembered afterwards that when folks called to see that row of corn Addison generally appeared to be occupied reading or else was busy in his room upstairs. But on several occasions he declared at table that if the corn kept on growing it would be well in the milk by the Fourth of July.

"Such a thing has never happened here before, has it, sir?" he once or twice remarked to the old squire.

"Never to my knowledge," was the reply. "One year we had green corn on the fifth of August," Grandmother said. "But that was long before the war." She meant the Civil War, which was still the great war with us.

Fourth of July morning, which as I recollect was slightly foggy and lowering that year, Addison and Theodora went to the garden and plucked a basketful of corn ears—a whole month earlier than corn had been known to be in the milk there before! By way of signaling the phenomenon and mildly boasting this agricultural victory over a hard and churlish climate they sent Ellen and me off with a present of half a dozen ears to four of our nearer neighbors, the Murches, the Edwards, the Wilburs,

and the Bachelers, who had good gardens of their own and had always prided themselves on having green peas, tomatoes and sweet corn as early as we or earlier. That was good sport for Ellen and me, asking them with great politeness if they would like to share our green corn with us and noting the queer looks, partly puzzled, partly envious, with which they accepted the gift.

"Let us know if you like it," we said. "It will be some time probably before yours is ready."

I remember that Tom and Kate Edwards followed us out into the yard at their house. "Now don't be so awful polite," said Tom. "Tell us how you made it grow so fast."

I am afraid that they did not wholly believe us when we said there was nothing to tell so far as we knew, for I remember that Tom made a face at us as we walked airily away.

In fact we left much curiosity behind us, and toward evening, while Halstead and I were firing a salute with the old "Queen's arm," quite a neighborhood party collected at the old squire's, partly to thank us for the corn, but mostly to learn how we had brought it forward so early. They talked about things in general for a while, and then neighbor Murch remarked:

"Of course I don't want to pry into valuable secrets, squire, but, just to satisfy my curiosity, would you mind telling me if you've got some new kind of garden dressing that drives crops like that?"

"No, no!" the old squire exclaimed. "Nothing new so far as I know. Fact, I don't know anything about this. The boys planted the corn, planted it as usual, I suppose. That's all I know."

"Well, there must be some reason for it," neighbor Wilbur commented. "Corn never grew like that without help of some sort."

The old squire laughed. "Better ask Addison then," he said. "He hoed it, and I imagine he knows more about it than I do."

But when they looked round for Addison he was nowhere to be seen. They called for him, but he didn't answer.

"I guess he is up in his room," Ellen said.

She and Kate Edwards and Ned Wilbur went upstairs to fetch him, but did not find him there. They even started to search the attic, but found the door to the attic stairs bolted on the inside.

Meanwhile out in the garden Tom Edwards and Willis Murch were spying about the roots of those corn hills; and Halstead, willing to assist them, brought a hoe that hung on the garden fence.

"May I dig down round the hills?" Willis asked.

"Dig and welcome," we said.

He began digging and had not gone far when he came upon a package of thick brown paper that proved to be full of slaked lime. We all stared at it in wonder.

"Aha!" cried Tom. "Here's their new fertilizer!"

He seized the hoe and dug down near another hill, and another package of slaked lime came in view. Willis now took the hoe, dug on the other side of the hills and unearthed yet another package. Amid much laughter others dug and uncovered more packages. Every hill indeed appeared to have a package of about a quart of slaked lime on each side of it, not close to the corn roots, but perhaps eighteen inches away and at a depth of a foot or more.

"But I don't understand this," neighbor Murch exclaimed. "Slaked lime has no great value as a fertilizer, and why did you do it up so tight in paper? I don't see how it could have affected the corn."

"It's of no use to ask me," the old squire said, laughing heartily. "This is the first I knew that lime was buried here."

Halstead and I were equally ignorant in regard to it, and indeed the whole party, young and old, stood round looking a good deal puzzled and mystified.

Just then Addison made his appearance; he was grinning. From the attic window overlooking the garden, where he had intended to lie quiet, he had observed Tom's and Willis's operations with the hoe, and, aware now that "the cat was out of the bag," he thought, like Davy Crockett's coon, that he might as well come down and face the music.

"Ho, ho!" all our young neighbors shouted at sight of him. "We've found you out! But why did you wrap the lime up! How did it work?"

"It didn't work—at least not as fertilizer," Addison explained. "I didn't use it as a fertilizer, but only to produce warmth for the corn hills. Every third morning all

through June," he continued, "I came out here early before the rest of our folks were up and buried a chunk of quicklime in the ground on both sides of the corn hills and then watered the hills all around, so that the moisture would reach the lime and slake it. That produced a great deal of heat, which warmed up the damp, cold ground about the hills. Warmth of the soil and moisture are what corn needs to make it

grow. The only thing I did was to keep that row of corn roots warm and moist."

"Of course that means considerable work the way I did it," Addison went on. "But I've been thinking that perhaps by using a steam boiler and burning a few cords of wood a large garden might be warmed for a few weeks in the spring by burying steam pipes between the rows."

"Wal, wal, son, that's quite an idee!"

neighbor Murch said; and our jocund callers went home, thoughtful but saying little.

I do not think that any of them tried the project afterwards; and in point of fact it was never tried again at the old farm, but often since, when springs are cold and crops are backward, I have thought of it and wondered whether something of the sort might not be done on a larger scale. If it pays to irrigate a field, why might it not pay to warm it?

GETTING A GRIP ON THEM

By E. E. Harriman



OW does the new job go, Harry?" asked gentle Mrs. Knight of her sturdy son at the end of his second week in a post of authority with the Sanford Foundry Company. "As well as you expected?"

"Yes, mother, in all respects but one," he answered, and his face clouded a trifle. "I can't seem to get the right grip on my men. They are mostly Poles and other Slavs. They are suspicious and antagonistic to anyone in authority. I have been working my hardest to overcome their natural prejudices and get them friendly, but they won't play my way. In order to get efficient service there should be perfect understanding among the men, and they should trust those over them. I had hoped to win the trust of my men here, just as I did in Monroe. But the men are different in every way. There I had Irish and Welsh under me, and I can't conceive anything more directly opposite in character than my old gang and this one. I would give a month's salary to see just one of this crew get that good-humored look in his eyes that old Mat Cronin and Reese Morgan always had. But for some reason I can't reach them. They are stolid, stupid and surly. They never look at me without suspicion. I don't like it."

"Patience, Harry; at any moment you may find the key that will unlock good will in their natures," said Mrs. Knight. "Keep trying."

"I'll do that," Harry replied. "Got to; can't win unless I do. The men can make me or break me, just as they respond to my authority. I am likely to have an interview with Jim Sanford any afternoon if I don't get results. For example, 'Ah-hmm! Mr. Knight, we expect results around here, and when a foreman fails to get the best possible out of his crew—I don't mean by driving—it always appears to us that he lacks certain essentials that go to make up the perfect supervisor.' Didn't I hear him hand it to Dick Boles in just those words last Saturday? And all that ailed Dick's bossing was this same sullenness on the part of the men. Better keep things in trim for a sudden flitting, mother. I may not last the week out."

"Cheer up; the worst is yet to come!" called a laughing voice, and his sister came in from the kitchen, carrying a platter. "Come on, folks! Take old John Kemp's invitation: 'Hitch up and ketch a bite.' Remember how he used to say, 'There hain't no room in a man fer sorer or gloom when he's just done et.' You'll feel a heap better after supper, Harry, or my hand has lost its cunning."

"Nothing like that last, Betty. You can cook about fifty per cent better than the best," answered Harry, moving his mother's chair to the table and slipping it under her as she sat down. "I wish I had as much of a knack in making castings."

"Faugh! Didn't they say back in Monroe that you were the best all-round foundryman they had there, and that you knew the business all the way up from rough ore to the finished casting? Brace up and don't let a bunch of thick-skulled Slavs spoil your supper."

"All right, Betty, I shan't," Harry promised her and lifted the carving knife. "Only I wish I knew some way to

get old Dabovich in a good humor. He is the leader,—the one the rest take their cue from,—and he has looked at me with the whitey-blue eye of disapprobation."

"What does he do round the furnace—what is his particular job?"

"He plasters the inside of the furnace with fire clay after every charge has been run off. The men clear the furnace, and he begins at the bottom. Then they lay wood to start the fire, and a layer of coke above. Dab stands on the coke and plasters as high as he can reach. Then comes limerock, more fire-clay plaster, a layer of ore, and so on to the top,—coke, limerock, ore, coke, limerock, ore,—with Dab coming in with his fire clay after each layer. He works in a heat the average man can't stand for ten minutes; he'll work there for half an hour, with the perspiration running off him in streams, and he always comes out grinning. He's tough, and he has a hold on the other men. If I could get a grip on him—"

Harry's voice trailed off into silence as he began to carve.

For two weeks matters moved along in the same way. Harry knew that his superiors were watching him. He felt certain that they had consulted over him. He knew that he must win that gang of thick-skulled, heavy-footed, bunchy-muscled Europeans if he were to hold his job. Already they had slipped back in their time record.

In desperation Harry tried to bully them a little. It was distasteful to him, and he had an uneasy feeling that it would make matters worse. But what was he to do? He could discover no other course. If he were to hold his job, he must see that the blast furnace turned out pigs and turned them out fast.

Old Dabovich, silent before Harry and with his little eyes on the alert to catch every motion or expression, talked a great deal with the rest of the men. When Harry tried to be friendly with him Dabovich muttered to his mates words that Harry suspected meant that the new boss was turning soft. He could have fought open opposition, but this silent, persistent, subtle trick of slowing down the work was hard to handle. Another week went by, and Harry learned from the timekeeper that old

Jim Sanford had his eye on number three furnace.

"The old man told his secretary," said the timekeeper, "that your gang used up two days more time on that last charge than the average for number three furnace for all last year. Same gang too. That drops it back on you. Speed 'em up, boy, if you have to bend a crowbar over their domes. Those Slavs will lay down on you if you aren't snappy with them."

"H'm! Snappy with them, eh?" thought Harry when he was alone. "I know what that means,—plain bullying,—and I'm no bully. I want my gang to hustle because they like me, not because they are afraid of me."

Still the warning made him stiffen up and get after his men next day in a manner that sent them at a swifter pace. He pushed them as hard as he could without becoming abusive. He bossed with more energy and fierce eagerness. Yet not one word did he utter that would have shocked his little gray-haired mother. He was bound to win without brutality.

Every time he came near a group they quickened their movements, only to slacken off when he had passed on to the next. There was nothing vindictive in their action; he had just failed to get his grip on them.

More and more Harry Knight realized that he must fasten that grip on Dabovich first of all. The man was a leader, and he had issued orders to his men. They were trying out the new boss to see what was in him, and they meant to know.

They were filling the blast furnace that day with a new charge. Above the bottom layer of wood that was to fire the coke rose layer after layer—coke, limerock, ore, coke, limerock, ore—until Dabovich was working with his clay far up the huge cylinder of brick, with its iron-bound shell and its fire-brick lining. Harry seemed to be everywhere, hustling the work as best he could against the dragging efforts of the men. But in spite of all he felt that he was losing

He slipped over the sill and went hand under hand down the rope

DRAWN BY W. F. STECHER



ground. The charge had gone in too slowly. Men pretended to be working hard when really they were doing less than usual.

Harry went home, discouraged. He talked the matter over with Betty in the kitchen while he was wiping the dishes for her.

"There is something behind it all that I can't fathom," he said. "I'm satisfied that Dabovich is deliberately trying to hold the job back in order to get me fired, yet I can't do a thing. He has been on the job for years, and the firm think him a first-class man. I can't go to them and complain of him. I can't say anything definite, only that I suspect, and that wouldn't carry me far. I don't understand why he has it in for me. I have been careful to treat him well. I have never given any man reason to get sore at me. I am all business on the job, and I give orders in as few words as possible. Besides, I never abuse a man or use hard language."

Betty studied the matter carefully, looking at Harry now and then as she did so.

After a time he noticed her glances and said, "What's wrong with me, sis? Spilled anything on my clothes?"

"No," she replied. "I was just wondering. You know, Harry, some folks resent anything that makes another person appear distinctive, more attractively modish than themselves. I was wondering if there had been anything in your style of clothing that stirred resentment in this old man, Dabovich. I believe I have found what it is. It is your silk shirts."

"What the mischief could my silk shirts

go, and one had surreptitiously lighted a cigarette. Now a mate of his gave a warning hiss, and the smoker flipped the cigarette into the furnace among the shavings of wood laid ready to start the blast and then bent hastily over his work.

Up above Harry found the carload of ore nearly ready. He waited until the loading was finished. The men pushed the car slowly along the track and stopped it beside the little door through which its load would be dumped. It had been nearly half an hour since the smoker had tossed away his burning cigarette. Harry stepped to the little door and looked down into the furnace tube. He gave a start; then he yelled:

"Get a rope! Plishke, run for a rope, quick! Dab is down there, unconscious, and the blast is on and roaring! Quick!"

It required several minutes for swift-footed Plishke to get the rope and bring it back. Meanwhile the gas fumes from the burning coke were rolling up and filling the tube with dense clouds. No man of them knew how long Dab had been lying there asleep.

"Who will vol—" Harry began, but choked the words off. He would not ask any man to go down there into that death trap! He caught at the rope and ran one end down till it coiled on the surface below.

"Plishke! Dombrowsky! Stellen! Take hold of this rope and haul up when I signal. Steady, men!" And he slipped over the sill and went hand under hand down the rope.

The men clung to the rope and averted their heads to avoid the eddying gusts of



have to do with it? He must be a sorehead for fair if he is grouchy over them. It is none of his business what I wear. I roll the sleeves up and the collar down and put on coveralls when I go into the building."

"Yes, but you get warm and open the front of your coveralls, and part of the shirt bosom shows," said Betty. "I believe I am right."

"Well, if that isn't the silliest reason for trying to do a new foreman out of his job!"

"Of course, but some folks are built that way," answered Betty. "Don't you remember Sarah Benson, who hated me because she saw me wearing a pongee dress? She never owned one, though she had wanted one for years. Blamed me for her own disappointment! I never could make friends with her until mother told me to give her a silk waist for Christmas. Then she came to me, crying, and said she loved silk and had never owned a garment of silk in her life. Said that was all she ever had against me, that I had a silk dress and two silk waists, and she had none!"

Harry laughed. "Well, for goodness' sakes, let me dig up something rough and tough. I'll wear one of those shirts I save for fishing trips and see how it affects old Dab in the morning. I'll look like a tramp in it."

Morning came, and Harry astonished his mother by appearing at the breakfast table in a disreputable shirt. He explained, and she laughed at him in her kindly manner.

"You foolish boy, why don't you put the old shirt in that little leather suitcase of mine and carry it down. You can look as neat as you please on the cars and change at the office."

"Right, mother, but Dab rides on the same car, and I'd stir him up before I got there. I'll stick to the tough-looking shirt until I determine whether or no Betty is right at least."

He caught Dabovich eyeing the old shirt on the way down to the furnace, and after the men had begun work he walked past him several times and noticed each time that the Slav looked at the garment. Harry did not perceive any marked improvement in the speed, however.

At ten o'clock that morning Dabovich entered the brick tube to plaster for the last layer of the charge. Others were cleaning up round the base of the furnace.

Harry left the gang to answer a telephone call from the main office. When he came back he did not go directly to the base of the furnace, but climbed the iron ladders to the upper plane, where the last layer was being prepared for dumping.

Down by the base the men had seen him

gas as much as they could, glancing down now and then to the insensible man and Harry, the boss they had worked against. Harry's arms and fingers moved fast as he secured the rope round the body of the workman.

At his signal the three hauled upward, and over the iron sill came Dabovich; his face was three colors.

They snatched the rope off the body and threw it down to Harry. A moment later he was choking and gasping in the free air. He waved a hand at Dabovich, who was unable to articulate. Dombrowsky understood and nodded. The heavy clump-clump-clump of his running feet came back to Harry.

The young boss staggered and sat down hard. One of the men stooped to assist him, but he waved him aside and gasped out: "Let me alone! Dab—look after him!"

Then came Dombrowsky bearing his lunch pail and a pasteboard scoop holding half a cup of lard. He set the pail down, lifted the cover and placed the lard beside it.

He drew out his coffee can; it was hot because the pail had been sitting on a steam pipe. He tumbled his lunch out and poured the coffee into the pail. Then into the coffee he stirred the lard, which soon melted.

Five minutes later he was kneeling beside Dabovich, watching his mottled face. The decoction of coffee and lard was in the old Slav's stomach.

Dombrowsky looked round at Harry, who was slowly recovering.

"All right, boss. In half hour he not know he choke a-tall. I know. I see some more like dat before."

To the surprise of Harry, Dombrowsky proved a true prophet. The Slav furnace liner recovered quickly and presently was listening to much excited talk from his mates.

Suddenly he swept them aside with a huge arm and faced Harry.

"Boss, I have been fool!" he cried. "First I think you proud stuck-up. This morning I see the shirt is no longer fine gentleman shirt, but real man shirt. Then I begin wonder. Now they tell me you go down in the furnace and get me when I know nothing. Boss, you get big work on old number three, or some fool Slav get licked mebbe pretty soon!"

With a wave of his arm he spoke rapidly to the group. The men turned hastily to the carload of ore. Harry drew a deep breath. At last he had secured his grip on the gang!



NEW DEPARTURE The Brake with the Mighty Grip

A braking force of over half a ton! That's what every bicyclist may command if he has a New Departure—simply by ordinary backward pressure on the pedals!

The actual braking force is 1200 pounds—and there's no locking of the brake or harmful strain on rim, spokes, frame or rider.

The New Departure is designed and built to make cycling safe, and more enjoyable. It is handsome in appearance and light weight. It runs on three sets of large, first-grade steel balls, with every part stronger than needed to operate properly during the entire life of the wheel.

NEW DEPARTURE MFG. CO., Bristol, Conn.



The White House package keeps all goodness in, all badness out

White House Coffee

and White House Teas insure to you the nourishment, enjoyment and satisfaction to which you are entitled—but which you do not always get

"None better at any price"

DWINELL-WRIGHT COMPANY
Principal Coffee Roasters BOSTON-CHICAGO

We have been roasting coffee 75 years

FACT AND COMMENT

EXPERIENCE is an expensive teacher; therefore profit by the experience of others.

The Grub that rightly Wriggles, Creeps and Clings
Will rightly Fly, when born anew with Wings.

USE THE PLEASURES that are yours today so as not to mar the pleasures that may come tomorrow.

THEY STILL LIKE the old ways best on the west bank of the Tiber. When it was determined to illuminate the dome of St. Peter's in connection with the ceremony of canonizing a new saint the idea of using electric lamps that could be turned on and off by a switch was at once dismissed. Torches and candles were used, and three hundred men were kept busy lighting and tending them.

A SUBSCRIBER writes us: "I raise and sell strawberry plants, and I make it a practice to give newly married couples enough plants to start a bed. One young man to whom I made the offer refused it. 'I don't care to set out strawberry plants for some one else,' he said. 'I rent my place by the year; I may not be here next year.'" That young man was more frankly selfish than most, but there are too many others who reason in the same way. Where should we be if everyone did—if no one ever planned anything for those who come after him to enjoy, or without the expectation of immediate personal profit? Sometimes such persons overreach themselves, however. There was once a man who rented a newly built house. There were no shade trees on the lot, and he would not plant any, though he had some offered him as a gift. After living in the house for seventeen years he bought it. It was now his own—but there were still no shade trees about it, because he had been too selfish to plant "for somebody else."

THE FAMOUS DEAN of St. Paul's, —Dean Inge,—who has been visiting the United States, deprecates the disappearance of the "gaunt" type of American, "of which Lincoln and Emerson were representatives." With submission, we do not believe that Emerson was gaunt or that any great number of eminent Americans could be so described. A gaunt man is "tall and thin with a meagre, haggard appearance." The type was common enough a hundred years ago on the frontiers because of the hardships and the malaria with which the pioneers had to contend; but it was never especially characteristic of the best sort of Americans. Lincoln and Jackson may have been "gaunt," but Washington, Franklin, Adams, Jefferson, Webster, Grant, Lee, Marshall, Longfellow, Hawthorne, were not—nor was Emerson. Dean Inge does not often sentimentalize, but we think he did in this case. It is a curious instance of the way Lincoln physically as well as mentally imposes himself on the imagination of the world. If he had not been "gaunt," the worthy Dean would never have observed with regret the natural effect of better food and an easier life on the American physique.

THE BOONE ANNIVERSARY

A FEW weeks ago there was held in Lexington, Massachusetts, a great celebration to mark the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the first battle of the Revolutionary War. This week, in Lexington, Kentucky, which, in a poetic sense at least, is a daughter of the Massachusetts town, since it was named for it on June 4, 1775, by settlers who had just heard of the battle, there is in progress another celebration no less noteworthy. It marks the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding and naming of the city and the one hundredth anniversary of the visit to it of Lafayette; and it is also the occasion of the first great reunion of the five thousand descendants of Daniel Boone.

What a wealth of picturesque history unfolds itself to the imaginative eye that looks back to the days and deeds of the great frontiersmen! Many of those who attend the celebration will drive to Lexington over the Boone National Way, which marks the trail by which the pioneer blazed the way through the wilderness to what is now Kentucky. They will visit Boonesboro, where, while it



Daniel Boone

was the capital of Transylvania, the first Kentucky legislature met. From Frankfort, the beautiful capital of today, they can see the spot where the body of their great ancestor lies, beside the river that he loved so well, and they will march in a body to the burying place and lay a wreath on the tomb. During the week there will also be parades, a historical pageant of pioneer days, a costume carnival and ball, and a special "Pioneer Sunday" in the churches on June 7, the day on which Boone and his companions reached Kentucky in 1769.

Few commemorative celebrations anywhere in the world could offer such striking contrasts. The hunter who went into a wilderness with nothing but his rifle and blankets, and for two years never tasted salt or saw the face of any white men except the two or three companions of his venture, now lies in the midst of a populous city, the capital of the commonwealth that he helped to found. The trail that he chose by the woodsman's instinct and marked by the blaze of his axe is now an automobile highway. His log fort, beset by Indians and white renegades, has become a community of prosperous homes, placid in the protection of laws of their own making; and five thousand descendants, some in Kentucky and others scattered among all the states, planned to "stand by" for one minute at 11 o'clock on Wednesday morning, the hour of the opening prayer at Boone's grave, to do honor to the man from whom they trace their lineage.

It is a good time for the young people of America to read the life of Daniel Boone and the history of the period in which he lived. They will find it as thrilling as anything they can see in a moving-picture theatre, and far more inspiring.

THE FUTURE OF FARMING

ALMOST everyone who has a first-hand knowledge of the problems that face the farmer is worried by the situation. The immediate trouble, as every farmer knows, is the fact that the things he raises to sell have not risen in price as fast as the things he has to buy; some of them have not risen at all. Through an unexpected conjunction of circumstances his condition is better just at present than he had reason a year ago to fear that it would be; but it is contrary to all reason to expect that his own crops will continue to be good while the crops in other lands continue to be poor. If the farmer is to be moderately prosperous and contented, if our agriculture is to be

established on a firm and dependable basis, something has got to be done to make his income cover the high cost of the tools, the clothing and the provisions he needs and the taxes and transportation charges he has to pay.

One public man who has given a great deal of thought to the situation is former Governor Lowden of Illinois, who is a practical farmer, a successful business man and an experienced politician. He said very plainly in a recent speech that our agriculture is decaying before our eyes, though the nation at large does not grasp the fact; and he believes it will continue to decay unless farmers adopt the business principles and the business methods that have made other industries prosperous. His prescription is cooperative association for marketing the wheat, the hogs, the fruit and the dairy products that the farmers raise. Such associations he believes will protect the individual farmers against dumping their crops all at once on the self-same market and enable them to get the best prices that an intelligently controlled supply of foodstuffs can bring.

Governor Lowden occupies a kind of middle ground. There are some men, economists and business men, who advise the farmer to go the whole way in industrial organization. They believe that agriculture will never be prosperous unless it is carried on like other industries, under corporate management. There is one such great wheat-raising corporation already established in Montana, which through large-scale operations and a general use of mechanical power is showing a moderate cost of production and consequent profits. But Governor Lowden thinks—and most people will agree with him—that to industrialize agriculture in this way and so to cause the disappearance of the individual farmer, cultivating his own acres, would be an unfortunate, perhaps a fatal, thing for our social structure.

There are on the other hand agricultural leaders, and many of them, who think the most necessary thing is some kind of legislation that will set up conditions under which farmers can make a fair profit. These men want a tariff high enough to prevent the importation of foodstuffs from other countries or a selling corporation, backed by the government, to take the exportable surplus off the farmer's hands and sell it for what it will bring in the world market while the domestic price is maintained at a figure to be determined by the requirements of the home market. It is open to discussion whether these expedients would actually meet the case; for we import comparatively little food that competes with our own crops

and export very little except wheat. It is true, however, that, unless agriculture becomes more profitable, the time will come, and that before many years, when we shall find ourselves a food-importing country.

That would be so absurd a situation, in view of the immense extent of our arable land, that we cannot believe it will come to pass. Surely the farmers will be shrewd enough and the nation will be generous enough to agree on a policy that will re-establish agriculture on a hopeful foundation. Meanwhile would not the farmers generally do well to think little of building up an export business, but to study carefully the needs and capacities of our own great home market and by businesslike cooperative organization to reduce the cost and increase the profit of meeting those needs?

LEATHER SOLES AND RUBBER TIRES

THERE are many people in this country who are finding that their shoes last much longer than they used to. Formerly they had to take a pair of shoes to the cobbler's to be resoled every three months or so; nowadays it is six months or even a year before the heels wear down and the soles need repairing. In fact, some people wear out their rubber tires faster than they wear out their leather soles.

We used to think that the length of life of the human being was in some way inversely proportional to the length of life of his leather soles. People who took a very long time to wear out their leather soles were likely themselves to wear out before a very long time; people who "went through their shoes" quickly might find living expensive but were at any rate likely to live long.

So far, fortunately, there is no evidence to show that rubber tires are an enemy to longevity. Perhaps there has as yet been hardly time enough for them to demonstrate their insidious influence, if they have it; we prefer, however, to think that the contribution they have made to the public health more than counterbalances any ill effects that may have resulted from their having usurped to so great an extent the function of leather soles. Perhaps, thanks to rubber tires, people breathe the more fresh air than they used to and thus find compensation for the reduced amount of exercise. Perhaps American efficiency, of which we constantly hear so much, has conquered the danger as soon as it presented itself; certainly since automobiles were first introduced there has been an ever-increasing cult of exercise in concentrated forms. Doing his "daily dozen," the automobilist may hope to live as long—if he is a careful driver—as did his grandfather, who walked his daily half-dozen miles.

THE SEVEN YOUNG ORATORS

IN the presence of the President of the United States, the Chief Justice, three other Justices of the Supreme Court and the Attorney-General, to say nothing of a large and rather unusually distinguished audience, seven young people—five boys and two girls—recently delivered as many orations on some interesting aspect of the history or the nature of the American Constitution. The occasion was the third annual final of the National Oratorical Contest, which was established by the publishers of the Los Angeles Times and is supported and financed by a score of well-known newspapers throughout the country. The place was the new auditorium at Washington. The chief prize, which amounted to two thousand dollars, went to a fifteen-year-old schoolboy from Alabama, named Robert Sessions; he was the youngest of the competitors.

These seven boys and girls were not arbitrarily selected. They had won the honor by excelling in previous contests in each of seven districts into which the country is divided. The sponsors of the competition tell us that no less than 1,400,000 school children took part in the study of the Constitution and the preparation of addresses upon it which preceded the affair at Washington. That must be a very large proportion

of those who are by age and ability eligible to the contest. The idea gains in popularity every year; it is reasonable to predict that within a short time almost every boy and girl of high-school age in the country will be interested in it, if not actually engaged as a competitor.

And therein lies the real value of the scheme. It is not to discover or to encourage oratorical talent in individuals that the contest was established. Some of the seven young people who spoke at Washington may hereafter become distinguished as orators at the bar, in the pulpit or in public life. Or they may not. It does not make much difference which happens. The important thing is that more than a million school children, at the time of life when the mind is most active and inquiring, have had their attention directed to the Constitution under which we live, have read that instrument carefully and intelligently and have studied the lives of its authors and the opinions of the great men who have administered or expounded it. That is the sort of education the value of which no one can question. It prepares the coming generation to be useful citizens, who know the history of their country and understand the principles on which its government is founded. A democracy is sound and stable in proportion as its citizens are intelligent and honest. Our daily life in these years does not greatly encourage the study of public affairs or the fundamentals of politics. Anything that leads the boys and girls to think about such things at the time when they have the leisure and the habit of study is worth while.

The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

FLAG DAY

★
ON the cover of next week's
Companion we shall print
a poem by Nancy Byrd Turner
that is, we think, good enough
to be read and learned by every
boy and girl in the United States.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE artist who has been chosen to carry on the gigantic sculpture on the face of Stone Mountain is Mr. Augustus Lukeman, who is a native of Richmond, Virginia, and a sculptor of wide reputation. He begins his task with enthusiasm and hopes to make the work the most imposing piece of memorial art that the world has ever known. His plans depart somewhat from those of Mr. Borglum, whose differences with the memorial committee robbed him of the opportunity of carrying out his great conception. Mr. Lukeman means to cut a circular Hall of Fame out of the solid rock at the base of Stone Mountain, one hundred and fifty feet long, fifty feet deep and sixty feet high. Around the semicircumference of this hall there will be thirteen immense columns, one for each state of the Confederacy, each "engaged" or only partly separated from the rock behind it. On the spaces between the columns the names of persons whom it is desired to commemorate will be engraved. A great staircase will lead up to the Hall of Fame, and a lagoon will be constructed at the foot of these steps. At the end of the lagoon Mr. Lukeman plans two recumbent figures of heroic size, the Confederate soldier and the Union soldier, reunited in death. It is also reported that Mr. Lukeman will introduce a greater appearance of motion into the group of horsemen that forms the central feature of Mr. Borglum's design.

TROTSKY is back in Moscow, and Zinoviev, one of his bitterest opponents, has gone in his turn to the Caucasus, "for his health." Everyone is wondering what it all

means and speculating on the probable future of Trotsky. Is he to become the "strong man" of the Bolshevik machine? Taken in connection with the more liberal policy toward land ownership by the peasants and business enterprises by private capital, which was only recently announced at Moscow, it begins to look as if the ruling clique had discovered that advanced Communism will not work now any better than it did four years ago, when Lenin had to execute his "strategic retreat" in the direction of private ownership. Very probably, too, the commissars miss Trotsky's intelligence and energy. As for Zinoviev, who has been the head of the Third Communist International, his clumsy intrigues in behalf of a "world revolution" have often discomposited the well-laid plans of his soviet colleagues for establishing relations with other countries, without forwarding the Communist cause anywhere. It is probable enough that his departure from Moscow is evidence of his fallen reputation among his associates.

ABD-EL-KRIM, the warlike chief of the Riff tribesmen of Morocco, is finding that the French army is somewhat different from the Spanish. Having defeated more than one Spanish commander and obliged them to give up to him all of Spanish Morocco except a few strongholds on the coast, he permitted his followers to spill over into French Morocco and carry on there the same tactics that succeeded so well on the other side of the line. The campaign is still in progress, but the French seem likely to drive the Riffs back without much trouble. There is not the same dissatisfaction with French rule among the Moroccans that there is with the Spanish, and Abd-el-Krim's intrigues meet with very little popular support.

THE most determined effort that has yet been made to break up the illicit traffic in liquor is now going forward. The Coast Guard "navy" is afloat in large numbers along that part of the Atlantic coast where the fleet of rum ships has been operating, and it is almost impossible for a cargo to be landed in the face of the patrol. From one city after another come reports of thorough work among the stills and illicit barrooms by the local police; and restaurants or drinking places that have evaded or violated the law are being closed and padlocked with commendable energy. Whether or not there has hitherto been a really earnest attempt to enforce the Volstead Act; such an attempt is being made now. The first reports are that the campaign has already doubled the price of "bootleg" whiskey. That is a fair indication that the source of supply is being pretty well obstructed.

PRESIDENT von Hindenburg entered Berlin through the Brandenburg Gate, under the arch of which only royalty and the funeral cortège of President Ebert have ever passed. He was greeted with wild enthusiasm by throngs that filled the streets waving the old imperial colors, black, white and red. Little was to be seen of the republican flag, though Hindenburg is the chosen chief magistrate of the republic. There were no untoward demonstrations of hostility between monarchists and republicans, for the police, fearing something of the kind, took every precaution to prevent it. On May 12 the new President took the oath, an unfamiliar figure in the frock coat and high hat that are the uniform of the politician in office. His inaugural address was dignified and sincere. It disappointed the extreme partisans of monarchy, for it gave them no hope that the new President would use his authority to forward their projects. Like a good soldier, Hindenburg pledged himself to do his duty as the head of the republic, however distasteful that form of government may be to him.

THE President, so Washington despatches say, expects to send to Congress a budget \$300,000,000 smaller than the last one. One fifth of that amount is the interest that will be saved by retiring over a billion dollars' worth of war bonds, and the rest is to be saved by reducing expenses in almost every department of the government. At that the budget will call for appropriations of \$3,267,000,000, without including the estimates of the Post Office Department, which is expected to pay its own way.

"Come on, fellows!"

"ROUND up the bunch and let's get started. We'll have a million dollars' worth of fun today."

Every time you hop on your Iver Johnson Bicycle you're on your way to fun and adventure. And that isn't all!

The same famous bicycle your father rode when he was a boy—with the same features that have made it world-famous for speed, durability, and beautiful, lasting finish.

The Juvenile Models (drop bar) are also made with high carbon seamless steel tubing; drop-forged parts, two-piece crank set; two-point ball bearings, reducing friction; five coats of enamel, hand rubbed, and all nickel plating over copper.

Colors: Ivory Black, Iver Johnson Blue, and Maroon; best guaranteed equipment.

Interesting booklet FREE

Booklet "B" is full of just the information you want before buying a bicycle. It illustrates and describes the various Iver Johnson models for boys and girls, as well as for men and women—also Velocipedes for little boys and girls. Mail the coupon or a post card for a free copy.

IVER JOHNSON'S

ARMS & CYCLE WORKS

21 River Street Fitchburg, Mass.

New York: 131 Chambers St.

Chicago: 108 W. Lake St.

San Francisco: 717 Market St.

IVER JOHNSON BICYCLES

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
21 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.

Gentlemen: Please send me by return mail, without charge, your Bicycle Catalog "B."

Name

Street

City State



A bicycle takes you
to the old swimmin'
hole in a jiffy



Always
there for the
game—
when you
own a bi-
cycle.



When the circus
comes to town—
gee, that's when
you need a bicycle

Deaf? A post-card brings joy of good hearing again

Amazing Invention enables deaf to hear instantly
Sent on Ten Days' Free Trial

Some folks imagine that deafness is merely a personal annoyance. But it's far more than that. It ruins the disposition. Upsets the nerves. And taxes the health.

Now science has proven it is needless to remain deaf. A remarkable little personal hearing aid has been perfected by a group of New York scientists. Immediately restores good hearing even to the poorest ears. Results are immediate—there is no waiting—no delay—no danger. You hear at once—clearly, distinctly, naturally.

The inventors are so sure you will be elated

with this wonderful little discovery that they offer to send it to you without a string of any kind—for ten days' free trial. No red tape—no deposit—no C. O. D.'s of any kind. To take advantage of this liberal trial offer, simply write to the Dictograph Products Corporation, Department 1324, 220 West 42nd Street, New York City. In justice to yourself, please do this now.

If you have lost hope through other methods, we are even more anxious to have you try this remarkable little invention. For it will not fail you; and there is nothing for you to lose. Simply send name and address now.



Safe
Milk
and Diet

For INFANTS,
Children, Invalids,
Nursing Mothers, etc.
Avoid Imitations

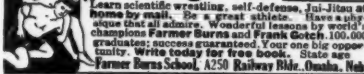
CLASS 25¢ PINS

BUY DIRECT FROM THE MAKER
CATALOG FREE

Either pin shown made with any 3 letters and 2 figures. 1 or 2 colors enamel. Silver plate 25¢ ea. \$2.50 doz. Sterling silver 40¢ ea. \$4.00 doz.

BASTIAN BROS. CO.

611 Bastian Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.



Wrestling Book FREE

Learn scientific wrestling, self-defense, Judo-Jitsu at home by mail. See a great picture. Use a picture that all admire. Wonderful lessons by world's champions Farmer Burns and Frank Gotch. 100,000 graduates; success guaranteed. Your one big opportunity. Write today for free book. State age. Farmer Burns School, 1259 Railway Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

Celebrate "4th of July" THE BRAZEL WAY

Get this Assortment of FIREWORKS Only \$2 Safe and Sane of within the Law



BOYS! this outfit is prepared especially to enable you to celebrate a real 4th of July. This wonderful assortment (worth \$3.00 at any retail store) meets all requirements of law governing sale of fireworks. Consists of 2 large 4 1/2-ft. paper balloons, 5 packs fire-crackers, 2 colored fire torches, 6 Roman candles, 12-3 in. Bang Salutes, 1 day's early riser bomb, 50 Jap reports, 1 colored star mine, 18 pieces night fireworks, 40 sparklers, 12 nigger chasers, 12 sun of a gun, 12 grasshoppers, 12 ruby lights, 12 snakes in grass, 12 crazy cracker sticks, and punk. All complete in a neat wood box. A day's fun for the whole family. You can't beat it for variety, quantity, quality, and price. Order now—don't wait. Fireworks cannot be mailed. Name your express office. We ship same day. Our booklet of celebration songs free. Send for it also. Remittance must accompany order.

BRAZEL NOVELTY MFG. CO.
1800 Ella Street Cincinnati, Ohio

When Little Bear Was Brave One Minute

By Frances Margaret Fox

ONE morning while the Three Bears were away on a trip through strange woods a friendly bluejay called to tell Little Bear some news. He said the farmers' children were going to have a picnic in a valley beyond the hills. He thought that perhaps Little Bear would like to hide in the bushes and see the fun.

The bluejay said that all the children were his friends, and so he hoped Little Bear wouldn't scare them. He begged him not to jump out and say "woof!" or do anything like that, because the farmers' children were kind and good.

While the bluejay was talking Mrs. Molly Brown Bear walked by with little Bobby Brown Bear. She said that Bobby Brown Bear would like to go and see the fun too. He knew the way because he had often played in the valley where the farmers' children were going to have their picnic.

"Don't say 'woof!' to the little ones," warned the bluejay, "because those good children are my friends, and you must not frighten them."



"Bobby is timid," answered Mrs. Molly Brown Bear. "He wouldn't say 'woof!' to a mouse!"

Little Bear laughed at that; he thought he was brave himself, but, as he had never visited the valley, he was glad to have his camp neighbor go with him to show him the way.

"We won't say 'woof!' to the picnic children," he promised and laughed again.

Later that same morning Little Bear and Bobby Brown Bear started for the walk through the woods to the valley. All the way Little Bear bragged about how brave he was. He told little Bobby Brown Bear it

was silly to be afraid of anything, especially on a picnic day.

Bobby was glad that Little Bear was so brave.

"The children will hold hands and dance in a circle," he told Little Bear.

"They will run and jump and laugh and play. Then when the mothers say 'Come to dinner' the children will sit on the grass and eat their picnic dinner from their pretty baskets."

Little Bear and Bobby reached the valley before the children came, and Bobby

straightway found a hiding place. It was a small cave in the side of the hill, and the opening was so tiny that they had to crawl in one at a time.

Soon the laughing, singing children with their

mothers came trooping into the valley carrying their picnic baskets. Little Bear and Bobby Bear sat with their heads close together watching the pretty sight. Little Bear was just thinking that it would be fun to jump out and say "woof!" and see the little boys and girls run, only of course he wouldn't do it, when something happened. There was a strange little "swish-go-swish" noise, and then it became so dark that he couldn't see Bobby Brown Bear.

"Do you suppose the sky has fallen?" whispered Bobby Brown Bear.

"Hush, oh, hush!" begged Little Bear. "I don't know what has happened!"

Then said Bobby Brown Bear: "We—we better get out of our cave!"

"Oh, hush, hush!" repeated Little Bear. "Do hush!"

"Let's run for home," Bobby Brown Bear said next in the inky darkness.

"Oh, will you hush!" Little Bear whispered again.

Now what had happened was this: Little Sally Berry's mother had tossed her big, heavy picnic cape on the ground, and it had caught on a bush on the hillside and had fallen over the opening to the cave and shut out the daylight.

Little Bear was not brave in the dark; neither was Bobby, but Bobby thought the thing to do was to jump out and start toward home.

The picnic children laughed and shouted and had a merry

time. Little Bear wondered how they could be so happy in the dark valley. He didn't know that the sun was still shining; he thought the whole world was suddenly dark.

At last Little Bear and Bobby Bear cuddled close together and kept as still as two violets growing in a garden. Neither one of

them stirred except when they had to because they were uncomfortable.

The merry picnic went on. The children danced and played and laughed and sang. An hour, two hours, three hours passed. Then their mothers called them, and the children came together to eat their picnic dinner.

In the small dark

"They will hold hands and dance in a circle"

cave Little Bear and Bobby Brown Bear could hear the children talking and laughing and rattling dishes.

"Let's jump out and start on a run for home," begged Bobby. "I think I can find the way."

"Oh, no," answered Little Bear, "it's too—too d-d-d-dark!"

Another hour passed, and then the children began to sing a little good-by song to their picnic valley:

"Good-by, little valley, good-by; Good-by, good-by, good-by!"

Their voices sounded farther and farther away.

Suddenly there came the sound of heavy footsteps tramping straight toward the little cave. It was only Sally Berry's mother coming to get her picnic cape, which she had almost forgotten, but it

DOG IN THE MANGER

By Nancy Byrd Turner

*Contrary Mary raised a beet,
An onion, a potato;
She sighed because they weren't
a pea,
A melon, a tomato.
And meanwhile as she moaned
and miffed
A cutworm came around and
sniffed
And thought a fairer garden plot
Had never fallen to his lot.
Contrary Mary, looking down,
Beheld him as he ate, oh!
She wept, "Ah me, my darling
beet,
My onion, my potato!"*



frightened Little Bear, and Bobby Brown Bear began to cry.

"I—I thought," he wailed softly as he clung to Little Bear's rough camping suit, "I—I thought you were brave!"

"I shall have to be brave; I shall begin to be brave this minute!" declared Little Bear. "Come, we'll find our way back to camp through this dark forest. You follow me. I'll go first out of the cave."

Out he crawled, brave as could be for one minute, just as Sally Berry's mother reached for her picnic cape.

"Oh, my stars!" cried Sally Berry's mother when she saw Little Bear crawling out of the cave. "Help, help! Bears, bears!"

Instead of returning to help the children and their mothers she ran faster and faster away down the trail.

The sudden flood of daylight made Little Bear and Bobby Bear wink and blink and look stupid for a few seconds, because they had been so long in the dark; but when Bobby Brown Bear came tumbling out of the cave behind Little Bear Sally Berry's mother screamed louder than ever, "BEARS, BEARS!"

DRAWINGS
BY WALT
HARRIS



Suddenly Little Bear felt so ashamed of himself because he had been so silly all day, and so cross because he had missed seeing the picnic, that he decided to have a little fun. He jumped three jumps and said "woof!" Then how he laughed and how Bobby Brown Bear laughed when Sally Berry's mother flew down the trail without looking behind her to see how many bears were coming out of the cave.

"We were scared about nothing too," Little Bear complained, "and I am so ashamed that I don't know what to tell Father Bear and Mother Bear!"

"I know what I shall tell them," Bobby Brown Bear piped in. "I shall tell them about the time when you were brave that one minute at the last!"

"Bobby Brown Bear, I like you," Little Bear told him.

But the person he didn't like was the valley bluejay, who had seen all that happened at the picnic and flew straight to the Three Bears' camp and told the whole story before Little Bear and Bobby Brown Bear reached home.

Father Bear and Mother Bear and Bobby's family laughed at the story of course, but Little Bear didn't laugh until Bobby told how Little Bear was brave for one minute, and how he scared Sally Berry's mother so that she ran screaming down the trail. When Bobby played that he was Sally Berry's mother and ran with his legs going so fast they looked like a straight line Little Bear laughed so hard that he didn't see the bluejay flying away like a blue streak through the air; he didn't know that the bluejay was gone until he called in mocking, laughing tones from a faraway treetop:

"Oh, such a jolly day, day, day;
It was gay, gay, gay,
For this jay, jay, jay!"

THE LESSON

A True Story

By Beatrice B. Brown

ONE day when my grandmother was a little girl, dressed in a bright red-and-yellow checked dress that she liked very much, she was out in her mother's garden amusing herself by poking a toad about with a sharp stick. Now toads have feelings and don't like to be poked in the back with pointed sticks any more than you or I should like it; and this particular toad hopped about, forwards and backwards, from side to side, trying to get away from the long sharp thing that was tormenting him. But the more he hopped the more my grandmother poked him.

My grandmother's mother went from the house into the garden and saw what her daughter was doing.

"Child," she said, "I am ashamed of you. Do you not know that to torment any living thing is to be cruel, and that to be cruel is wicked? Yes, I am ashamed, but I shall not punish you. What you have hurt does not belong to me, but to Nature; and Nature

always punishes those who injure her."

With that my grandmother's mother went back into the kitchen where she was baking pies, and my grandmother went on poking the toad.

Next to the garden was a wide field where sheep were grazing. Among them was an old ram, with great horns and an ugly temper, and just then his temper was bad because some one of his flock had found the particular patch of grass that he had picked out for his breakfast and had eaten it.

In the garden next door he saw a bright pretty object bobbing up and down.

"Just the thing!" growled the ram to himself. "How I hate that color! What right have people to wear that color when they know it annoys me?"

With that he kicked up his heels, uttered a terrific snort and started at full speed for the bright thing in the garden next door.

The bright thing was of course grandmother's red-and-yellow checked dress. Grandmother was still poking the toad, though her mother had told her not to. When she heard the ram snort she looked up, and the next moment she was no longer poking the toad.

Instead, she was running up the walk to the house faster than she had ever run before. The ram had rushed through the garden and was pounding up the walk after her.

The front door of the house stood open. Directly in front of the door were the stairs, leading to the second story, and from there a flight of back stairs led down again; so that you could go up the front stairs to a little landing and then down the back stairs into the kitchen without turning to the right or to the left. But if you wanted to go to the part of the house where the bedrooms were, you turned and went up a few more stairs, and there you were.

Grandmother ran into the house without stopping to shut the door, and the ram ran after her. She ran up the front stairs to the little landing, and still the ram kept on. She turned and ran up the rest of the stairs and on into her bedroom and slammed the door. But the ram knew nothing of the turn and the landing and the back stairs on the other side of it. Besides, he was going so fast that he could not have turned or stopped himself on the landing if he had known of them. When he reached the landing he kept straight ahead. The back stairs were before him, and, like a great white snowball rolling down hill, he fell head over heels down the whole flight into the kitchen, where grandmother's mother was baking pies.

He was a puzzled ram, but he gathered himself up and went out through the kitchen door back into the field from which he had started, and the rest of the day he spent in nursing the bruises that he had got from falling down the back stairs.

My grandmother's mother was so startled when she saw a ram tumble head over heels down the stairs into her kitchen that she screamed and upset her pies, and because of that my grandmother, who was fond of pie, had no dessert for supper.

My grandmother lived to be a very old lady, but from that day to the end of her life she never tormented a living thing, not even a mosquito.

SCHOOLS

Do you wish to send your girl or boy to a good boarding school where health can be benefited and concentration developed? We are prepared to answer your questions. Write to us for information for we are glad to help you.

If you wish definite information and advice concerning a school please give age, whether Boys', Girls', Coeducational or Professional School is desired and something of previous training and future ambitions.

FINANCE & BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION TWO YEARS SAVED



STATE AUTHORIZED COLLEGE DEGREE IN 2 YEARS INSTEAD OF 4.
(Same credit hours as 4 year regular University course.) Ex-Pres. Wilson, Vanderbilt, Pershing chose RIDER graduates. Courses in Banking, Secretarial Science, Managerial, General Business, Shorthand, Higher Accountancy, (C.P.A.), Normal Commercial, Finance, and Business Administration.
For catalog address the Principal.

RIDER COLLEGE, TRENTON, N. J.

WILLISTON A PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR BOYS

A Modern School on an Old Foundation

Sturdy New England Ideals
Of Scholarship and Character
With a Record of Sound Achievement

SEPARATE JUNIOR SCHOOL

Costs from \$580. to \$950. a year

Catalog, Illustrated Booklet on request

ARCHIBALD V. GALBRAITH, Principal
Box O, EASTHAMPTON, MASS.

VERMONT ACADEMY

In rugged mountain country that has schooled such national leaders as President Coolidge in strength of character and clear thinking, a co-educational school with modern equipment and strong faculty providing for thorough academic training.

Natural advantages of healthful location make winter sports, ski-jumping, tobogganing, etc., the popular athletic recreations. The joy of working and living with a desire to succeed prevail at Vermont. For catalog address
Box Y, Saxtons River, Vermont.

MANLIUS Saint John's School

A College Preparatory School with a military system developing manliness, obedience, honor. Business course. Separate school for younger boys. Extensive campus in the hills. Well-planned recreation and athletics. Swimming pool, athletic fields. Catalogue.
GENERAL WILLIAM VERBECK, Pres.
Box 286, Manlius, New York

Bordentown MILITARY INSTITUTE

Thorough preparation for college or business. Efficient faculty, small classes, individual attention. Boys taught how to study. Supervised athletics. 41st year. For catalogue, address
COL. T. D. LANDON, Principal and Commandant
Drawer C-15 Bordentown-on-the-Delaware, N. J.

SUFFIELD

An endowed school for boys, rich in traditions, modern in methods. Complete individual development through class room, athletics, and school life. College preparatory, business courses. Junior School. Booklet. Rev. Brownell Gage, Ph.D., Headmaster, 25 High Street, Suffield, Conn.

HOUSE IN THE PINES

30 Pine Street, Norton, Massachusetts
A School for Girls, 30 miles from Boston. College preparatory and general courses. Outdoor activities. Horseback riding emphasized. Miss Gertrude E. Cornish, Principal.

KNOX SCHOOL FOR CHILDREN

A Summer Home and Craft School. July and August Home Care and Individual Instruction in a New England Country Town. Moderate Rates
Girls 3 to 14, Boys 3 to 8
Mrs. Alice Knox Ellison
Bradford, Mass.

THE MACDUFFIE SCHOOL

Dr. and Mrs. John MacDuffie
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

The Quigley Institute for Stammerers

has cured every person who has taken its course. Personal, individual instruction by the founder, who cured himself after thirty years of stammering. Equally effective for children and adults. Resident and day pupils. For particulars, Address 1727 Master St., Dept. Y, Philadelphia, Penna.

TILTON

A school carrying on finest New England traditions of education and culture. Intensive college preparatory work, general academic and business courses. Every student encouraged to take part in outdoor sports to promote good academic work — skiing, skating, football, large gymnasium, 25-acre athletic field. Ten buildings. Lower School for Younger Boys. Supervised work and play. House mother. Endowed. Catalogs. Moderate rate.

GEORGE L. PLIMPTON
Headmaster
66 School St., Tilton, N. H.

PROCTOR ACADEMY

A Progressive Preparatory School in the Country
An Old School with New Ideas

Completely equipped, beautifully situated
Liberal policy under Unitarian auspices

Separate dormitory and campus for boys and girls

The traditional R's of Education and also
The three H's—the Hand, the Head and the Heart

For particulars or catalog address

STANLEY KELLEY, Headmaster, ANDOVER, N. H.

Westbrook Seminary

After classes, the keen joy of vigorous tennis or a canter along pine-fringed roads to keep a clear mind and healthy body. All outdoor sports and gymnasium to promote best work in the classroom.

Four-year preparatory, one-year college work with advantages of modern methods and equipment. A school of high academic standing. Established 1831. Blanche Dingley-Matthews piano work. Art under Joseph Kahill. Rate \$700. Catalog. Address
AGNES M. SAFFORD, Principal
Portland, Maine

ABBOTT SCHOOL

AT LITTLE BLUE
FARMINGTON, MAINE

At the Gateway to the Rangely Lake Region

College Preparatory. Commercial Course

30-acre estate. Complete Equipment

All Winter Sports. Limited to forty boys

Illustrated Catalog on Request

O. S. HASKELL, Headmaster

Holderness School for Boys

Plymouth, New Hampshire
Church School for boys. Founded in 1879. College preparatory. Four buildings. Twenty acres. Excellent athletic facilities, winter sports, invigorating climate, wholesome home life, reasonable comforts, earnest work. Medium priced. Booklet on request. Rev. R. Eliot Marshall, B.D., Rector.

CUSHING ACADEMY

51st Year Moderate Cost
Graduates successful in leading colleges. General courses for High School graduates. Modern equipment. Gymnasium. Ample grounds. Coeducational. H. S. COWELL, A.M., P.D., Principal, Ashburnham, Mass.

MITCHELL

A school that appeals to the young American boy and the thoughtful parent.
Alexander H. Mitchell, Principal, Box Y, Billerica, Mass.

THE WOMAN'S HOSPITAL

DETROIT, MICHIGAN
An accredited school of nursing, offers a 2 1/2 years' course in general nursing. Maintenance and remuneration furnished. A post-graduate course of three months in Obstetrics is also offered.

June



THE OTTER

*In June along the stream the Otter
glides,
Till, playful as a boy released
from school,
Head foremost down the river bank
he slides
And, plunging, swims across
the salmon pool.*

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

WORKING LIFE'S PROBLEMS

I GOT it, but I don't think I ever would have got it if the teacher hadn't helped me."

That is what the little boy called to his mother as he burst in at the door. He had tried and tried, and the teacher had watched all the time till just when it seemed that he must give up she sat down beside him. He moved over, a little embarrassed, but her kind words and her smile put him at ease.

"Did you add this in before you carried over?" she asked.

Rather shamefaced, he confessed that he had not.

"Did you subtract here before you combined the two?"

Again he confessed that he had not.

"Did you divide at the end?"

Again he murmured out his confession. Then a bright smile lit up his face as he wrote down the answer.

"Why, it is easy when you do it right!" he said.

As the teacher went on down the aisle she thought of the problem that she had herself been struggling with—the problem of how to make a real success of a work that she did not love, but that she must continue to wrestle with because of circumstances. She seemed to be a pupil again, and the Great Teacher was asking as he walked by her side: "Have you added the promises, 'The Lord will give grace' and 'My grace is sufficient'?"

Humbly the confession rose from her heart. "Have you subtracted selfishness and pride and jealousy?"

Again a humble, "No, I have forgotten."

"And have you divided here your heart, your life, your possessions with God and man?"

"Oh, no, I have been keeping all my efforts to carry out the other plan that I liked so much, but that the Master says is not to be a part of my life at all."

And then a bright smile came upon her face, for she had found the answer to her problem, "Why, it is easy when you do it right!"

Friend, He will be your helper too.

SHARING TO KEEP

THE Burkes have come back!" Marie announced breathlessly to the girls on the Allston porch.

"Then Mr. Burke is better?" some one exclaimed.

"Yes, a complete cure. He is looking fine, and so are Mrs. Burke and Margaret. I have been with them all the afternoon, helping Margaret unpack her books and pictures. You know, they moved out there bag and baggage, intending to stay if necessary."

"I'm glad it wasn't. We have all missed Margaret a lot—Marie most of all, I guess."

"Yes," agreed Marie earnestly. "Now what do you suppose is bothering Margaret more than anything else?"

"Tell us!" pleaded somebody.

"Well," replied Marie, "you all know what a flower lover Margaret is and what a lovely garden she has. You should see it now! The tenants who lived in their house while they were away cared nothing for flowers. The whole garden was planted to vegetables, and poor Peggy's choice plants were rooted out and destroyed. Of course her annuals can be replaced easily and cheaply, but her precious roses and iris and chrysanthemums and all the lovely hardy things she had—gone every one! Some were gifts from friends, too, those she prized most. It does seem too bad!"

There were a few moments of sympathetic silence. Then an eager girlish voice spoke: "Too bad nothing! It is our great chance to do for Peggy what she did for us long before she went away. She gave us slips and roots and seeds of her flower pets freely. I have a dozen beautiful things in my garden that came from hers. So have most of you. Now do you see what I am driving at? We can restock Peggy's

garden with the original stock, which she loves so much more than anything new she might buy. We'll make it a garden party! Trowels and spades instead of parasols!"

They did, and Margaret soon had more than her old flower garden back.

"Instead of bread on the waters Peggy sowed flowers all over the neighborhood!" exclaimed one of the girls, laughing.

"I can't thank you enough," replied happy Peggy. "I never dreamed when I shared with you—"

"Of course you didn't. That is what makes us all so want to give back to you." And then with an arm about her friend Marie quoted softly:

"For we must share, if we would keep,
That good thing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have;
Such is the law of love."

THE BEAR WAS GLAD TO SEE HIM

CAPT. T. COLBURN, says a correspondent, owned a fine ranch in the mountains of Colorado. Dick Le Roy, prospector, knew the captain and his ranch home, and Dick likes to tell yards about him. Here is one that he told me, looking as solemn as an owl all the while:

"Cap'n and one of his men went out on horseback, looking for stray young stock. They followed a ridge for a while up about four hundred yards above a road, watching for cowhide in the cañons and draws. By and by they saw a half-grown cinnamon bear, and cap'n took after him. The other feller stabbed his hoss with the rowels and come on after them. Cap'n got a rope on the cinnamon, and it rared up on its tail. Then tother feller dropped his twine on it.

"We'll just ease him down along the mountain to the road and hogtie him," the cap'n said. "Then we can git a wagon and load him in. He'll fetch a good price for some zoo."

"So they worked the cinnamon on down about halfway. They had to get off and turn their hosses loose; the brush was too thick for riding. The bear went fifty yards and then set right down on his tail and sulked. The cowboy was on ahead, pulling.

"I'll stir him up!" said cap'n, and he ran up behind the bear an' kicked him. Funny thing, that cinnamon was watching the cowboy, who had the rope over a shoulder, leaning on it hard. He never even looked around at cap'n, but he up and went for the cowboy.

"Run!" yelled the cap'n, and the cowboy went down the slope ten foot at a stride. The cinnamon jerked the rope loose from cap'n, and then it was anybody's race—the cowboy only touching the ground now and then, the cinnamon doubling up and opening out like a jumping jack, and cap'n trying to pick up his rope.

"Snub him!" howled cap'n as the cowboy reached an aspen grove.

"The cowboy threw the rope round a tree, caught it ag'in and went on. The rope came tight with a jerk that whirled him round, and there's that cinnamon, snubbed with eight foot of slack. Right behind him is cap'n, yelling. By now he was taking fifteen foot to a jump and going so fast he just couldn't stop.

"The cowboy laid back on the rope, and the cinnamon riz on his hind legs. Cap'n come a-fluking right bang into that cinnamon's arms, and that there bear sure was glad to see him!"

"Well," said I after a pause. "How did it come out?"

"Oh, the cinnamon undressed cap'n with one yank of both paws to once down as fer as his belt. Gouged the meat some, too, but cap'n jerked loose, ketched his rope and helped take the bear down the rest of the way. Got him out of the wagon and sold him well. Cap'n felt considerable sore and stiff for two weeks, but, sho! you couldn't whip cap'n that easy. I've laughed to myself many's the time since, thinking how glad that cinnamon was to see cap'n."

A MATTER FOR KELLY, NOT THE CABINET

ALL boys pass through the phase of "making collections," and stamp collecting is one of the commonest and most fascinating of such pursuits. In his entertaining reminiscences of his boyhood in the White House—published in Harper's Magazine—Mr. Jesse R. Grant tells how the fever attacked him and how completely he yielded to its attractions. Then he tells this amusing episode of his career as a stamp collector:

I came upon the advertisement of one Anthony J. Foster, of Milk Street, Boston. This advertisement offered a large assortment of foreign stamps for five dollars. I had never possessed five dollars at one time; to me it was a vast sum. It did not occur to me that there was any possibility of acquiring such wealth except by saving it. So I said nothing of my ambition to anyone except a cousin of my own age. He and I at once decided that there would be no more candy or soda water until we had the price of that assortment of stamps.

At last at the cost of much self-denial and after an interminable time the five dollars was on its way to Boston. Then with impatience that reckoned not of distance or train schedules I looked for the arrival of the stamps, and in my anxiety and fear I consulted my stanch

friend, Kelly, a big-bodied and bigger-hearted member of the Washington police force, detailed on special duty at the White House. In my eyes Kelly, next to my father, was the greatest man in Washington.

"Sure, ye better tell your father about it, Jesse," was his advice.

And so I took my trouble to father.

"What do you wish me to do about it, my dear boy?" asked father.

"I thought you might have the Secretary of State or the Secretary of War or Kelly write a letter," I suggested.

"Hum-m," mused father. "A matter of this importance requires consideration. Suppose you come to the Cabinet meeting tomorrow and we will take the matter up there."

Promptly on the hour I presented myself at the Cabinet meeting. Hamilton Fish was then Secretary of State, and William W. Belknap, Secretary of War, both great friends of mine.

"Jesse has a matter he wishes to bring before you, gentlemen," said father.

Breathlessly I told my story, ending with the suggestion that either the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War or Kelly write a letter.

"This is plainly a matter for the State Department to attend to," said Mr. Fish.

To this Mr. Belknap promptly took exception, declaring it his intention as head of the War Department to act at once.

There followed a general debate in which the other Cabinet members stood solidly for Kelly. I shall never forget with what interest I listened to impassioned speeches in which Kelly's virtues, his power and influence were extolled. The question was put to vote. Mr. Fish and Mr. Belknap voted for their respective departments, but the rest of the Cabinet voted for Kelly. Then the decision was formally announced, and I went downstairs to find Kelly.

I can see him now as he sat doubled over at a small desk, writing that letter on the stationery of the Executive Mansion—so headed at that time; the sweat stood out on his forehead, and his great fingers were gripping the pen.

At father's suggestion I made a copy before mailing the original letter. It read:

"I am a Capitol policeman. I can arrest anybody, anywhere, at any time for anything. I want you to send those stamps to Jesse Grant at once.

[(Signed) Kelly,
Capitol Policeman."

A dozen times the following day I was about making anxious inquiry for the reply to Kelly's letter. In due time the stamps arrived. As I remember, that five-dollar assortment exceeded our expectations.

TREE-CLIMBING ANIMALS

YEARS ago, says Dr. William T. Hornaday of the New York Zoological Park, I heard the story of the beaver that climbed a tree. A backwoodsman told a tenderfoot about a beaver that was found away from his pond and attacked by dogs. "Finally," said the backwoodsman, "when the dogs had him cornered and he saw he couldn't stand 'em off any longer he climbed a tree."

"Oh, hold on!" said the tenderfoot. "No beaver can climb a tree."

"Well, that one had to!" said the story-teller.

We always laughed at the story, but there is more in it than a funny bit of absurdity. Many an animal not supposed to be able to climb has climbed a tree because "he had to." The common gray fox of the South has front feet of considerable grasping power, and when he is hard pressed by the hounds he climbs a small tree to a height of eight feet or more to reach the limbs that mean safety to him from the dogs. From the savage man-with-a-gun nothing can save him or any other wild animal.

My old friend Daniel Carter Beard, Chief Scout Commander, once published a story and a picture of a fox terrier that could climb the trunk of a perfectly straight tree to a height of perhaps eight feet after a cat.

The wolverene is a member of the marten family, but, unlike the pine marten and the fisher, is not regarded as a tree-climber. He is not built for it. Nevertheless, in the right kind of timber he can climb when safety demands it. I have before me an excellent photograph made in the Rocky Mountains of Wyoming that sharply shows a wolverene away up in the treetop of a dead lodge-pole pine, and to all appearances he is at least seventy feet from the ground. A fairly good assortment of dead limbs undoubtedly helped him to get up there, but for a space of about fifteen feet he had to climb the naked trunk. In the barren grounds of northern Canada, where the few trees that exist are small and low, it is difficult for a trapper or an explorer to make a cache of food that the "Indian devil" cannot raid and devour. It is a common practice to place a cache in the top of a tree and then in order to keep the wolverenes where they belong, nail points down upon the naked trunk an assortment of large and strong fish hooks, cod hooks preferred.

In our zoological park we were astounded the first time we saw a venturesome Himalayan tahr, a shaggy brown wild goat, calmly standing upon the horizontal limb of a big white oak some twenty feet from the ground, gazing at the surrounding scenery. Taking advantage of fence posts that had been set under the tree, he had with amazing nimbleness hopped up to

the top of one of them, perched there for a giddy moment and then leaped up into the lowest fork of the tree. From there he had hopped on up to the big naked and horizontal branch that pleased him best and walked out upon it several feet from the trunk. His position seemed to us highly perilous, and we expected to see him fall off while descending. But not he! He hopped down by easy stages and, all unruffled, reached the ground.

After that we gave the tahr easy access to the lower branches of the oak, and the best climbers often ventured up as high as they could go. If I could not back up this story with a photograph, I should hesitate to tell it.

HE KNEW THACKERAY TOO WELL

DISTINGUISHED men are not always secure against the sneers of those who knew them in their undistinguished and perhaps unpromising youth. Years after Thackeray had become the great novelist, says a writer in the London Opinion, an old school-fellow of his was at a dinner with a gentleman who was interested in literary matters. The schoolfellow happened to mention the Charterhouse, whereupon the other asked him whether he had ever known Thackeray there.

"Thackeray, sir? What Thackeray?" he answered with a contemptuous stare.

"I mean the great Thackeray," was the answer.

"What," he rejoined, "the fellow who wrote books? Oh, yes; he was my fag, and a sniveling little beggar I thought him. Often have I given him a sound kick for a false quantity in his Latin verses. I thought nothing of him, sir—nothing, I can assure you."

"Ah, but," said the writer, "you have changed your mind since of course?"

"Not at all," was the growling response.

"Why should I?"

"Why, on account of his books," was the amazed reply.

"Never read a syllable of them, I give you my word!" retorted the other.

MR. PEASLEE'S REMEDY FOR GETTING WORK DONE

ONE way I've found to git a piece of work done," observed Caleb Peaslee ruminatively, "has been to plan ahead somethin' I really was sot on doin' for my own pleasure and enjoyment and then make up my mind not to do it till I'd got some job out of the way I hated like tunket to do. And now you know that much, I want to go ahead and tell you about lately."

"All right," said Deacon Hyne. "I ain't tryin' to hinder you."

"In all the years of my life," Caleb began impressively, "I ain't never sot foot in the village of Kendall's Falls—not till last Tuesday, that is to say. And I've always 'lotted on goin' there, 'count of old man Perkins comin' from that place when he moved here; he's told me so much about his boyhood days there that I figured some way there'd be strange and enjoy'ble sights for me in that town. I figured it'd be somethin' like bein' in Chiny mabbe. But for all it's only about sixty mile off I never managed to git there till last week."

"Every once in a while I'd lay plans to go; but each year somethin'd come up to hinder it. One year quite a number of years back I hated to think of clearin' up my pasture of bushes that had worked into it. They was sp'illin' it, and it needed hard work to clean it free of 'em, but it was a job I hated even to think of. But at last I sot at it by promisin' myself when I got it done I'd treat myself to a trip to Kendall's Falls and have the best time I ever had in my life, seein' the wonderful sights and the han'some dwellin's that Perkins has always told me about."

"Well, by keepin' that vision in my mind I kep' hackin' away at them bushes, and fin'ly I got 'em all cleared out—and it was a good-lookin' pasture when I got it done. But it had took me longer'n I figured it would. We was about in the lap of Thanksgiving when I got through; so we didn't go right then, but made cal'lations to go right afterwards if the weather was fittin', but it wa'n't; it snowed and sleeted and then cleared off cold, so we give it up for that year. However, my wife comforted me by tellin' me what a good job I'd got done on my bushes; and I added to my comfort by knowin' myself I wouldn't have got it done if I hadn't kep' that promised trip in mind."

"I can't recall jest when the next time was that I toiled myself up to a mean job with the idea of goin' to Kendall's Falls, but I should guess it might have been when I made such a 'complete overhaulin' of my barn and barn sullen—cleaned it all out and built new bins and whitewashed it and done a month's work on it. And all the way I ever kep' at it was thinkin' of what Perkins had told me years back and makin' pictures of some place kind of betwixt Paris and Paradise, I guess, fur's wonders and pretty sights go. We didn't go, though, that year on 'count of me goin' to work and steppin' on a nail the last day I was busy in the barn sullen."

"And that's the way it's been, as I say, for more years than I can tell you acc'rate; many and many a hateful job I've cozened myself into with the promise that that time I'd surely give myself the promised trip to that wonderful

village. Last Tuesday my wife and I got ready and started; this time it was to pay me for prunin' every apple tree on this place. It's been needin' that job done for five years, but I couldn't set myself about it."

"It's a han'some orchard now!" the deacon said approvingly.

"It ought to be!" rejoined Caleb. "I put in three weeks of the hardest work I've done for ten years on it—me'n that boy of Lafe Westcott's. But we done a good job; I've got that for a comfort to me!"

"What you need a comfort for?" demanded the deacon. "You got your job done, and you got to see Kendall's Falls. What are you so complainin' over?"

"Hyne," Caleb said impressively, "I've been tolin' myself into work I hated by conjurin' up pictures of a village not half so good as the one we live in! Not so trig nor so well kep' nor nothin' that goes to make a village what it ought to be. Even makin' allowances for it goin' downhill since Perkins left it,—and I don't believe it has,—it never could have been nothin' like what he thought it was. It was just a case of lookin' back on it and seein' only the good p'int, same's a man will when he's a mite homesick. I ought to've had sense 'nough to discount his talk some, but I didn't!"

"But to answer what you asked me about needin' comfort—what I need that for is b'cause I've lost the prod I've needed to git me to work on a hated job! I d'know how in the world," he finished dejectedly. "I'll ever git the stones picked off'n that lower field of mine next spring. I wisht I'd stayed at home and never gone near the pesky town—I do so!"

MONKEYS IN WARFARE

THE use of monkeys in warfare goes back many thousands of years. The Chinese used one species that because of its peculiar and harsh cry was called the "wah-wah." The monkeys' task was to capture enemy flags, which was a highly important part of early Chinese warfare.

The war monkeys were captured when very young, and their training continued for several years. A company of young monkeys were taken to a secluded hut where the trainer was the only human being they saw. Before the hut were little flags of different colors—red, blue and yellow. They were fastened to little sticks that were thrust into the ground. The training began by tying a cord round the neck of a monkey so that it could not escape from the trainer. The creature was allowed to run out to the flags, where its naturally mischievous disposition made it seize a flag and carry it back to the hut. If the monkey was being trained against an enemy blue flag he was petted and fed when he brought back a flag of that color; if he brought back a flag of a different color, he was punished.

As the training proceeded the monkey made no mistake and, shrieking fiercely, would eagerly bring in a flag of a certain color. After a time the cord was removed, and a monkey would bring in the right flag from a distance of two miles or more.

Each separate group of monkeys was trained against a particular color of flag. In warfare a commander would have in cages monkeys that would capture an enemy flag of any color. The color of the flag that a monkey had been trained against was painted on the back of the animal. On the night before an attack the monkeys that were to be sent out to capture enemy flags were painted thickly with luminous paint; they had previously been starved for several days. Eagerly they made off and, uttering their wild cries, entered the encampment of the enemy like a pack of luminous, shrieking devils. Seizing the flags, the colors of which they could see by the light of the great camp fires that in ancient warfare were always kindled, the monkeys would triumphantly carry them off.

NOT SUCH A BARGAIN AFTER ALL

IN his early years Mr. Edison, the great inventor, was a telegraph operator—and an unusually good one too. He lived in many cities,—Cincinnati, Memphis, Indianapolis, Boston,—and in each place he came to be known as the fastest and most accurate man in the office, either at sending or at receiving.

Mr. Edison himself tells a story of his Boston days, which Mr. Francis A. Jones relates in his book about the inventor. The story is told at the expense of Edison's friend, Milton Adams, who much to his disgust was the principal in the incident.

"One day," says the inventor, "Milton and I were passing along Tremont Row when we noticed a crowd in front of two drygoods stores and stopped to see what was the matter. It happened that they were rival establishments and that each had received a consignment of stockings, which they were eager to dispose of. Their methods were entertaining. One would put out a sign saying that the vast commercial emporium had five thousand pairs of stockings to dispose of at the paralyzing price of twelve cents a pair—an announcement that wound up with: 'No connection with the firm next door.' In a moment the rival firm would follow suit, underbidding the other by one cent, until the price was finally reduced to one cent for five pairs of stockings."

"The crowd had been steadily increasing all the time, contenting itself with jeering and

making merry, but showing no avidity to take advantage of the tempting bargains. Milton and I had been agog, however, for some time, and now Milton broke out with:

"Say, Edison, I can stand this no longer; give me a cent." On being supplied with that lavish sum he boldly entered the store, which was filled with lady clerks. Throwing down the cent, he demanded five pairs of stockings, and the crowd excitedly awaited the result. The young lady attendant surveyed the customer with magnificent disdain and handed him five pairs of baby stockings.

"Oh," said my friend, in much discomfiture, "I can't use these."

"Can't help it, young man," was the curt reply; "we don't permit selections at that price."

"The crowd roared, and the commercial struggle soon afterwards ended."

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SAINTS

IGNORANCE and unsophistication are qualities often—nay, usually—found among the peasants of the European countries. An especially curious sort of ignorance was observed in a corner of the peninsula by the authors of Misadventures with a Donkey in Spain. The villagers there seem to have been more familiar with the camera than with pictures drawn by the artist's hand. The book says: "The usual questioning by the peasants revealed a depth of simplicity in them even greater than we had met before. They had reached question eight and we had replied that we were painters."

"You will do good trade in the villages of this district," said one of the men; "there are houses to paint. It is the season of the year."

"But," we replied, "we are not house painters."

"Not house painters!" they cried, amazed. "But what then do you paint?"

"We make pictures—portraits, landscapes, people, and so on."

"Aha, yes," they said, satisfied, "we understand now. You work with the machine. You are photographers."

"No," we answered; "we are not photographers."

"But how then?" they asked. "How can one make pictures without the machine?"

"We do it with the hands," we said; "for example, these pictures"—pointing to the religious portraits that decorated the whitewashed walls—"these pictures are done with hands by artists. Drawn!" We made gesticulations of sketching.

"Ah, no!" they replied, wagging their heads wisely at us. "These pictures are made with machines. They are photographs of the saintly personages."

We had some difficulty in persuading them that the pictures emanated from the imagination of the artist, and that a picture of St. Mark dressed in a monkish cowl, holding in his hands a bound volume, accompanied by a lion with a most carefully dressed chignon, was not a photograph from nature. I do not think that we left an effective wound in their simple faith, but the discovery that the pictures were not strictly true did give them something of a shock.

HOW TO ANSWER AN ANONYMOUS LETTER

A WELL-KNOWN author on leaving his house one morning forgot a letter that he had intended to mail. During the afternoon something recalled it to his mind, and as it was of considerable importance he hurried home.

The letter was nowhere to be found.

He summoned the servant. "Have you seen anything of a letter of mine lying about?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is it?"

"Posted, sir."

"Posted! Why, I had not written the name or address on the envelope!"

"I know that, sir," was the reply, "but I thought it must be in answer to one of them anonymous letters you've been getting lately."

DOING AWAY WITH CONVERSATION

THIS is an age of democracy when everyone is as good as everyone else—if not a little better.

It was the new charwoman's first morning, says the Tatler, and her mistress had been giving her a few instructions. "Now, Mrs. Jones," she concluded, "please remember that I am a woman of few words. If I beckon with my hand, that means 'Come.'"

"That suits me fine, mum," answered Mrs. Jones, "for I'm a woman of few words as well. If I shakes me head, then you'll know it means 'Nothin' doin'.'"

INDEFINITELY POSTPONED

THIS conversation printed by the Kansas City Star as a joke is plausible enough to be accepted as genuine:

"Johnny, did you enjoy the book I sent you?" inquired his aunt.

"I haven't looked at it yet," replied the boy.

"Why? Don't you like it?"

"I don't know. Ma said I'd have to wash my hands when I read it."



GIFT FOR MOTHER

Mail the coupon

How to "Make" the team

Mail the Coupon Now for a Surprise Gift.
How Big College Athletes Do It

EVERY boy wants to "make" the team—to be a credit to his school and to himself.

Here is a delightful way that many big athletes in the colleges know. It is part of their training table diet—one of the most delightful things they eat.

It's Quaker Puffed Grains. They taste just like crisp, crunchy nuts, only a little better. They are bubbles of brawn-building grains, good to eat—that supply your body with "energy units."

So that you will know the many good ways to eat them—the candy you can make with them—we'll send you a new book of delightful recipes—for you to give to mother. Just send the

coupon below with 10 cents for this fine gift.

Now do this

Ask mother to serve Puffed Grains the delightful ways the book describes. She'll be delighted with the gift-book—and she'll be glad to give you all the Puffed Grains good for you.

So send the coupon now, boys! There's a book for each of you. And we want you to start now to know the delights of Quaker Puffed Grains—so don't put it off.

Send the Coupon for Your Gift Book

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY,
Room 1630, 80 E. Jackson St., Chicago.
Gentlemen: Enclosed find 10 cents. Please send the gift recipe book for my mother.

Signed _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Quaker Puffed Wheat Quaker Puffed Rice

CAMPS

Ideal camp for girls 8-18, in beautiful Lake George region. Expert supervision. Splendid equipment, medium prices. Every patron a "rooster". Booklet from Mrs. Ethel B. Powell, Cambridge, N.Y.

CAMP NAVAJO

A salt water camp for boys on the Penobscot Bay, Northport, Maine. Boating, swimming, hiking, tennis, baseball, athletics. Complete radio outfit. Forty-foot cruiser. Special attention to food. Catalogue sent on request.
ORRIN J. DICKEY, Belfast, Maine.

WILD-CROFT ON LAKE SEBAGO, MAINE

THE CAMP OF CONTENTED BOYS
Parents are more than satisfied with results (BOOKLET) MR. AND MRS. S. L. FREESE
144 Austin St. E., Worcester, Mass.

BABY CHICKS

SEND NO MONEY FOR SILVER CHICKS

Just mail your order, we ship C. O. D. and guarantee prepaid 100% live delivery of sturdy, purebred chicks from healthy, bred-to-lay flocks. Wh. Br. Buff Leghorns, 9c; Bd. Rocks, Wh. Rocks, S. C. Reds, 10c; Buff Rocks, Buff Orps, Wh. Wyand., Blk. Minorcas, 12c; Mixed chicks, 8c. Lots of less than 100 chicks, 1c more. Silver Lake Hatchery, Box YC, Silver Lake, Ind.

MODERN CHICKS

Hatched from pure-bred, heavy-laying flocks, inspected by expert, holding O. S. U. Certificate. Old customers taking large portion of production. Postpaid, 100% live delivery. Low prices. All leading varieties. Free Circular.
MODERN HATCHERY, Box 43, Mt. Blanchard, Ohio

CHIX For many years we have produced and supplied SATISFACTORY, pure-bred Chicks to thousands of customers. All leading varieties. \$9.50 per 100 and up. Postpaid and 100% live delivery guaranteed. Bank reference. Get free 1925 catalog. New Washington Hatchery, Box Y, New Washington, Ohio.



Make your hair stay in place Here's how, fellows!

Men and boys used to have an awful time trying to keep their hair in place. They'd wet it, comb it—in half an hour it would bristle up again.

But now Stacombs keeps it always the way they want it without making it greasy—or dry and lifeless as water did.

In jars and tubes or in liquid form at all drug and department stores.

Stacombs

FREE OFFER

Standard Laboratories, Inc., Dept. AB-19
113 W. 18th St., New York City

Please send me, free of charge, a generous sample tube of Stacombs.

Name _____
Address _____

Try the New
Cuticura
Shaving Stick
Freely Lathering
Medicinal and Emollient



TWENTY ROCKY HILLS

By Georgia L. Allen

SANDY GIBE picked himself up from the ditch and shook his fist at the rear of the retreating freight train. The soot and dirt of his travels stood out startlingly on his thin white face and darkened his hair. Sullenly his eyes swept the silent plains round him. The tracks extended on westward until they met in a blur.

"Ditched!" he muttered. "Ditched in a blasted place where there ain't a soul!"

All at once he observed some men on horses ride from round a group of small hills to the south. He watched their dusty progress westward and decided there must be a road over by the hills. Since that would probably be the swiftest route to food, Sandy struck wearily across the sage flat.

At last he came upon a narrow dirt road. He ambled along slowly; his mind was still on his interrupted trip and the forced change in his plans. If he could only see something besides flat plains and rocky hills! He decided he might get a profitable view from the top of one of the hills.

Suddenly he stopped short. There on the ground before him lay a man's purse, a long, bulging purse. For one startled moment he eyed it, and then with a swoop he seized and thrust it into his pocket. So strong was habit that he did not pause to examine the contents, but in a spirit of new-found strength ran rapidly toward one of the highest hills.

"Say," he breathed, "ain't that the luck!"

As he started clambering over the rocks he noticed two men in a farm wagon coming from round the same hill the horsemen had rounded. They were leaning over the sides, watching the road.

"The guy come to look for his coin," muttered Sandy, and a sudden impulse prompted him to slide the purse to the ground.

Before him was a large stone; he tilted it with his hands and hastily thrust the purse beneath it. When he straightened up he was aiming pebbles at the scenery while in his mind he made note of his hiding place. His particular rock was white in a surrounding cordon of tan, brown and reddish rocks. It was at the foot of a rocky hill.

Sandy knew that the men were watching him as he continued up the hill. From the top of it he discovered a small village silhouetted against the western sky. There was no hesitation in his mind now; he approached the road rapidly. The men drew up their horses and waited for him.

"Howdy," the driver greeted him, and his piercing blue eyes scrutinized the grimy appearance of the man before him.

"Howdy," responded Sandy, looking at the wagon seat.

There was a silence after that, and Sandy looked down quickly, shuffling his feet in the dirt. He felt urged to explain his situation.

"I was throwed off the train over there. I'm lost; that is, I don't know where I'm at, and I've been a-lookin' around from the top of that hill, huntin' fer some place to light."

He raised his eyes boldly to the men above him, and they were startled at the contrast between the colorless dished-out face and the dark, suspicious eyes.

"What you going to do now?" inquired the driver.

"I was beatin' the rods to California to see my old mother," replied the glib Sandy, "but now I guess I'll look fer a job."

"Work, eh? What kind?"

"Oh-oh, any job around here," began Sandy hesitantly, wondering how long it would be before he could recover the purse.

"How old are you?" demanded the other.

"Twenty-five."

"Ever herd sheep?"

"Herd—oh, no."

"What can you do then?"

"Me?" Sandy thought a moment. "Oh, most anything."

The driver pulled at his long yellowish moustache as he inspected Sandy's mediocre figure. "Well," he said to the waiting tramp, "I need a herder right now. Got to have one. I'm a plain-spoken man, and I don't know what a tramp can do with a herd, but I've got to take you. We'll outfit you in town. What's your name?"

"Sandy."

The big man laughed. "It sure is! Mine's Berg—George Berg. This is my foreman, John Deems."

Sandy glanced at the gnarled and wrinkled little man at Berg's side.

"Hop in," commanded Berg. "Say!" he pulled up the horses suddenly. "You didn't see anything of a purse, did you, around here?"

"No." With a quick movement Sandy turned out his ragged pockets. "Did ya lose one?"

"I had it when I left town. Must be on the road somewhere. Too valuable to lose."

"Much in it?" Sandy asked casually.

"Considerable."

Darkness came upon them as they approached the village.

"We'll ask at Tony's Place," Berg said.

The men got down stiffly and walked into the uncurtained little shack. "Howdy, Tony," Berg greeted the swarthy man behind the counter. "Back again. I lost a wallet on the road home this afternoon. Looked for it on the way back until it got too dark. Anybody see it?"

The simple query and the assumption behind it caused Sandy Gibe to gasp audibly.

The sound drew attention to himself.

"This is my new herder," explained Berg.

Any of Berg's employees had credit at "Tony's Place," and the proprietor hastened to give Sandy a fitting welcome.

Driving away through the silent night, the tramp experienced a grateful glow for the hot meal, the whole shoes and the clean overalls that he had received. To the matter of his employment he gave brief thought. His entire mind was centered on the fat, hidden wallet even as Berg sat on the wagon seat and grumbled at his loss.

The next day Sandy found himself established as a herder on the East Range. John Deems, foreman, had driven him over a rough and winding trail while Sandy learned the points of the compass, the general situation of the village and the landmarks.

Sandy was startled at the panorama before him. "Ain't there no trees in this country at all?" he demanded.

Deems chuckled. "A few willows and box elders along the creeks."

Long before they reached the log shack they could see it against a hill. "There's a good spring back of it," explained Deems.

"The sheep corral is round the other side. You're not far from the creek." He indicated a sinuous line of small bushy trees to the south. "Make your shack every night. The dogs'll round 'em up for you. If it storms, get 'em in the corral; but if you're out and the sheep start drifting, you stay with 'em, see? We want to use the feed between the creek and the main road."

"The road to town?" Sandy inquired.

"Yes. Taint far from the shack. Good place in there if the band ain't too big."

Now that he knew that he should take his sheep east of the village, Sandy began to form his plans.

"If you meet up with any other fellows, keep the bands apart," counseled Deems. "Every Wednesday the chuck wagon'll be around to leave what you need."

He started away. "Good trout in the creek," he called back.

When Sandy stretched himself in a

doorway the next morning the invigorating air stirred him to rapid activity. After a hasty breakfast he set forth, hurrying the band before him. He knew that it could not be many miles before he reached the road to the village. His impatience could not accommodate itself to the slow walk of the sheep. He whistled to the dogs, and the band broke into a run.

The man himself was the first to call a halt. They seemed to have gone miles, and the black butte, his landmark, was no nearer. They had scrambled up and down

"Good as in trust in the bank," he said to himself and grinned, "me gettin' in solid comin' this way."

Doggedly the man kept his sheep on the rough little pasturage and hunted for his treasure. September had come and was nearly gone, and yet he was unsuccessful.

"Jest about where was I at the time you picked me up?" he inquired of Deems one day.

"Oh, somewheres on the road to town."

"How far in?" Sandy persisted.

"I don't know. Along that stretch of west road. Why?"



They began to drift steadily with the storm

in their air-line approach so that Sandy was covered with perspiration. Exhausted, he flung himself on the ground, and the sheep settled down to grazing.

Each day found Berg's tramp herder farther west. Each night found him utterly weary, able to get together a hot meal and do a few simple chores before dropping into instant deep sleep.

After four days he reached the road leading into town. Exultantly he grinned at his hill. He saw his white rock and its reddish guardians and rushed upon it. But it took much more effort to turn it over than he had anticipated, and the undisturbed, bare earth beneath verified his suspicions.

"This ain't the one," he grunted.

He scanned the place round him quickly. There was his rock! Halfway to it he paused. Or was that it yonder? The man's uncertainty prompted him to climb the hill to get his bearings. This was the hill anyway.

But from the top he discovered that the road wound through a maze of rocky hills and mounds, most of them resembling the one he was on. Then Sandy realized grimly that he had no real mark for the place at all. He should have to look under all the white rocks at the foot of every hill on the road! Keenly disappointed, he sat down and gazed moodily at the sheep. It would take weeks. The man shook himself. He would do it. It was only the last of August. Sandy tipped a dozen or more rocks on end before he started back with the sheep. He found Deems waiting for him.

"Sandy, you're goin' to make a good herder. I says to Berg. 'I see your tramp herder going all over Squaw Coulee.' We haven't had a herder for years who'd make that place. They don't like that rough little piece."

Sandy grunted, but was pleased nevertheless. It had been many years since anyone had said anything commendatory to him.

The next morning, with a determination that would have astonished him some weeks earlier, Sandy began his systematic search.

"I jest wondered how far I was from town then."

"Well, there's fifteen miles runnin' through them hills here," was the dismaying response.

But the herder kept on tipping rocks. During his rests he began to look at the sheep themselves and to play with the dogs. "Come on, fellers," he would call to them. "Chuck wagon comes tonight." He looked forward to the weekly visit of Deems.

When the chuck wagon called at the sheep camp the wrinkled old Deems found time for increasing interest in the tramp herder. He discovered that long days of regular good meals, of walks, of dozing on the grass in the warm sun or gazing off through velvet stretches to purple mountains had filled out the sunken cheeks of Sandy Gibe and covered his pitiful paleness with a generous warm brown. He observed that it had filmed the hard glitter of Sandy's dark eyes and begun to trace an upward curve to the corners of his mouth. The kindly foreman had provided the tramp with an old overcoat and several additions to his scanty wardrobe.

"There's somethin' the matter with one of the sheep, Deems," Sandy's voice was full of concern as the chuck wagon drove up one afternoon.

Together they examined it.

"I'll take it in," declared Deems. "We've got a bunch of hospital sheep there now anyway. Sheep's looking fine," he commented. "I says to Berg, 'Your tramp herder is gettin'—'"

"Say! I ain't a tramp," Sandy protested angrily.

"Oh, no harm meant," Deems hastened to reply. "What I was saying is that you've made a hit with the old man, working this side of the creek. Tramp or no tramp, you've shown good stuff, and you're sure a good herder," he acknowledged. "Don't you like 'em?" He was suddenly enthusiastic.

"Well—I guess so. Y'know I thought the darned things looked alike fer a long time, but now I see their faces are all different. I can tell a lot of 'em."

"Seeing as you don't get any mail, I just brought some anyway," Deems explained casually and threw some seed and mail-order catalogues on the table.

That was the first reading matter of any sort which Sandy had seen since his arrival, and long after the foreman had gone he pored over the colored pages of vegetables, fruits, flowers, herbs—things that he had known as a child.

The next morning the man walked slowly, under the influence of old memories, unusual emotions. At the black butte, where he usually went south, he rested. After he had eaten his lunch he took the sheep across to the creek. Sandy had not turned a rock by midafternoon, but sat under a clump of bushes, watching the water. In spite of himself his thoughts went back to his youthful misdemeanors and the distress of his widowed mother, who was trying to support the family by washing. He had never done anything for her; he had run away. He had never been any good.

An icy breeze that swept over him roused him from his meditations. Climbing hastily from his cover, he discovered a gray sky and a rising northeast wind sweeping snowflakes past him through the air.

He called the dogs, for the sheep had spread. Sandy worked with the dogs bravely in the increasing blasts and snow, but the sheep were in a panic and would not drive against the wind. They began to drift steadily with the storm, and instinctively Sandy stayed with them.

Darkness had come rapidly. On they went, with the dogs at Sandy's heels, until he could only hear the sheep ahead of him. The fierce gusts drove snow into his ears and soaked his clothing. On they drifted. "He called me a good herder," the man would mutter once or twice and shake the snow from his freezing body as he bent forward. Soon his overcoat was impeding him with its sodden weight, and he stumbled and staggered behind the sheep.

At last he fell and cut his face against a rock. Without thinking, he tipped the rock and from beneath its dry and protected base drew forth the object of his long search—the purse!

He stood up suddenly as he realized what he had found. Over to the west glowed the faint lights of the village. There at Tony's he would find warmth and welcome. He had the purse. Now was the chance to go; the storm was his best excuse. He thought of Deems, who had been a real friend to him, and of his admonition to stay with the sheep. Sandy stood in an agony of indecision. The sheep were getting away from him.

"No! I can't leave 'em. I can't!" he cried aloud and plunged after them.

For hours they went with the storm. Numb and frozen, the man followed the sound of the bells. To the right of him a light seemed to be shining; faint cries came to his ears, but he only went forward with the sheep, one of them.

Suddenly a lantern flared in his face. Some one grasped his arm, and he heard men's voices: "It's a herder, boys, and he's stayed with his sheep. Get him in!"

Then Sandy collapsed.

A bright midafternoon sun struck him across his face, and Sandy Gibe opened his eyes. With effort he was able to see the bunk that he was lying in and the rough log walls at his side. As he stirred some one came to him from across the room; it was George Berg's face that bent over him. The recognition brought with it memory of the storm, and Sandy tried unsuccessfully to rise. "The sheep," he cried feebly.

"Don't worry about the sheep, lad; they are all in the corral," Berg assured him gently. "That was a fine thing you did, Sandy, and I won't forget it. Two of my herders got right over to their corrals, and two of them just plain deserted. I lost all of those sheep, I guess. But you—you stayed with 'em, and I'm proud of you!"

"How'd I git here?" Sandy inquired abruptly.

"You just drifted past this place. It's an old abandoned sheep camp, and several fellows were here who were caught out in the storm."

Sandy closed his eyes weakly and heard Berg tiptoe away. But he did not sleep; he pondered his situation. He was safe; the sheep were safe; he had the purse. At the last thought he twisted uncomfortably, and the purse dug annoyingly into his side.

Berg was approaching again. "The sled's



coming, lad, and we'll take you up to the house."

Fully roused, Sandy was now aware of his painfully swollen feet and hands and face.

"Those feet are pretty bad, but I guess the men saved them," Berg said to him. "They worked over you for a long time. You were too far gone to do much but groan."

They lifted him into the blankets in the back of the sled and reclaimed the wraps that they had used for his bedding. All during the ride Sandy squirmed uneasily over the distressing bulge that the wallet made. They would take his clothes off probably and find it on him. And Berg had said he was proud of him! The thought of Berg's finding the purse caused Sandy unbearable moments that the solicitude of his employer intensified.

Berg watched and misconstrued the tenseness, the drawn face and the haggard look. He spoke encouragingly. "It's tough for a while, lad, but we'll make you feel fine when we get you into bed. Not far now."

Sandy choked. The man had lost his purse and only grumbled; he had lost two large bands of sheep and merely mentioned it; but he was as concerned over him, Sandy, as if he were all that mattered! "Ya no-good fool!" he muttered to himself.

At last they laid him upon a soft, clean bed.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Berg," he panted. "I want to see you alone."

Berg crossed to him.

"Here, in my hip pocket, if you can git it."

Carefully the sheepman reached into the pocket.

"Ain't that yours?" Sandy demanded.

"Well, for—say, where did you find it?"

"I'll tell ya. I found it the time you picked me up, and I hid it under a rock. I been lookin' fer it ever sence and jest found it last night. I meant to hike on to California as quick as I got it, but now—" Pain caused Sandy to break off.

Berg averted his face and silently examined his herder's feet. After a minute he straightened. "Look, Sandy," he urged, "you don't need to feel so bad."

With a quick motion he opened the purse, pulled out the contents and scattered them over the floor.

Sandy's rapidly blinking and incredulous eyes took in a blur and whirl of pink.

"Just a roll of cancelled checks, that's all," said Berg, waving his arm toward them. "But, Sandy, Sandy, don't you see how you've proved yourself?" he exclaimed with husky voice.

He touched the sore hand gently. "I hope you'll stay with me, lad."

"That's jest what I was hopin' too," replied Sandy wistfully.

♦ ♦

A JUNGLE SNAKE IN PARK ROW

A SNAKE chase through the crowded streets of lower New York is an unusual incident enough. Indeed, it has occurred only once so far as we know, but it was then observed by Mr. Edward P. Mitchell, who watched it from the windows of the Sun office, and who has described it for posterity in his book, *Memories of an Editor*.

Those corner windows overlooking the City Hall plaza, he says, with Broadway in the background and the multitudinous, variegated traffic of Park Row swarming directly beneath them, framed hundreds of pictures that do not fade. For example, it was once my privilege to behold from the third story of the ancient Tammany Hall, a cobra hunt such as Rudyard Kipling would have given his left ear for the opportunity to observe and describe. The large hooded reptile, escaped somehow from Holden's zoological emporium up Chatham Street, approached John McComb's beautiful City Hall by the route frequented by Brooklyn aldermen and distinguished guests of the municipality. Newsboys, bootblacks, public officials and way-faring citizens scattered in dismay. The "sparrow cops," as the gray-coated park policemen of that day were called, stood stupefied.

Meanwhile the fugitive East Indian glided its way into the jungle of shrubbery that then clustered about the east end of the building. There it was lost to view, but not forever. Presently a pursuing force of animal experts came clumping down the street, armed with stout clubs and equipped with capacious bags of canvas. They beat the bushes and alternately advanced and retreated as the fugitive cobra de capello wriggled its way from one leafy fastness to another. At last by exercising technical skill of which I do not possess the secret Holden's people bagged the serpent and bore it back in triumph to its Chatham Street prison. It was an exciting and extraordinary scene; could it have been an advertisement?



On the diamond

Just try that
"Good old
licorice
flavor!"



Detroit Investments

Detroit Investments yield their holders a steady and safe income. Detroit's ever increasing growth of savings deposits (4% increase since January 1st, 1925) means but one thing—a prosperous, thrifty community whose securities are much sought after.

Write us for booklet telling of "United" latest issues and returns available.

UNITED STATES MORTGAGE BOND CO. LTD.
Honored C. Wade, President
342 U. S. Mortgage Bond Building, Detroit, Michigan

6 1/2%
UNITED
BONDS

You can be quickly cured, if you

/STAMMER

Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering. "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering 50 yrs. B. N. Boggs, 5317 Boggs Bldg., 1117 N. 11th St., Indianapolis

Ready for Flag Day?

It comes on June 14. Let us send you our leaflet on the origin of the PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES. It is free. Address

The Department Editor
The Youth's Companion
Boston, Mass.

TIRED, BURNING FEET
are quickly relieved by
massaging with soothing,
healing

Mentholum

Write for free sample
Mentholum Co., Buffalo, N.Y., Wichita, Kan.

Investors the World Over are Reading this Booklet



"Fifty-two Years
of
Proven Safety"

Where
Smith Bond
Investors
Live

Alabama
Arizona
Arkansas
California
Colorado
Connecticut
Delaware
District of
Columbia
Florida
Georgia
Idaho
Illinois
Indiana
Iowa
Kansas
Kentucky
Louisiana
Maine
Maryland
Massachusetts
Michigan
Minnesota
Mississippi
Missouri
Montana
Nebraska
Nevada
New Hampshire
New Jersey
New Mexico
New York
North Carolina
North Dakota
Ohio
Oklahoma
Oregon
Pennsylvania
Rhode Island
South Carolina
South Dakota
Tennessee
Texas
Utah
Vermont
Virginia
Washington
Wisconsin
West Virginia
Wyoming

United States
Possessions
Alaska
Coral Zone
Hawaii
Philippine
Islands
Virgin Islands
Foreign
Countries
Austria
Belgium
Borneo
Canada
China
Colombia
Cuba
Czechoslovakia
Dutch East
Indies
England
France
Germany
Haiti
Honduras
India
Japan
Mexico
Nicaragua
Panama
Rumania
Santo
Scotland
South Africa
Switzerland
Sri Lanka
Turkey

YOU can read the whole booklet in 10 or 15 minutes, but these few minutes can mean to you, as they have meant to so many others, years of perfect safety and perfect satisfaction in the investment of your savings.

Thousands of men and women, who first learned about The F. H. Smith Company by clipping booklet coupons in our magazine advertisements now clip coupons regularly from 7% Smith Bonds.

Smith Bonds are owned by investors in every state in the United States and in 30 countries and territories abroad—wherever the mails carry, our investment service is available.

An official of the United States diplomatic service, now stationed in France, writes to us:

"My own experience, both while living in the middle west of the United States and since I have been living in Paris, has demonstrated to my complete satisfaction the possibility and practicability of investing by mail."

7%

First Mortgage Bonds

You, too, should be in the 7% coupon-clipping class, with a regular, dependable income from \$100, \$500 or \$1,000 Smith Bonds. You can buy these bonds either outright or under our Investment Savings Plan, which pays the full rate of bond interest on every payment. Clip the booklet coupon now.

The F. H. Smith Co.

Founded 1873

Smith Building - Washington, D.C.

NO LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR IN 52 YEARS

THE F. H. SMITH COMPANY
Smith Building, Washington, D.C.

88A

Please send me, without obligation, your booklet, "Fifty-two Years of Proven Safety."

Name _____
Address _____

30 Days' Free Trial

Select from 44 styles, colors and sizes, famous Ranger bicycles. Delivered free on approval, express prepaid, at factory prices. You can easily save \$10 to \$25.

12 Months to Pay If desired, Parents of 10's advance first deposit. Boys can earn small payments.

Wheels, lamps, horns, equipment at half usual prices. Send No Money.

Write for our marvelous prices and terms.

Mead Cycle Company Write us today for free catalog
Dept. P-50 Chicago



THE HAYES METHOD FOR ASTHMA AND HAY-FEVER

The Recognized Standard of Successful Treatment For particulars of the Hayes Method which is administered in your own home without interrupting your daily work or duties, address F. HAROLD HAYES, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y., asking for Bulletin Y-251. Special attention to children.

Ask your Storekeeper for **STOVINK** the red stove remedy.
Mfrs., Johnson's Laboratory, Inc., Worcester, Mass.

FACTORY-TO-HOME

THE NEW WAY
TO BUY
SEWING MACHINES

45,000 AMERICAN HOMES

are today using and recommending the New Companion. This machine is made in one of the best equipped factories in this country, producing only high-grade family sewing machines. Every New Companion is warranted by the Publishers of The Youth's Companion for 25 years.

MEETS EVERY REQUIREMENT

of the home sewing, yielding equally good results on everything from finest tucking on sheer material to heavy suitings. Each machine is equipped with a complete set of the best attachments and many labor saving improvements.

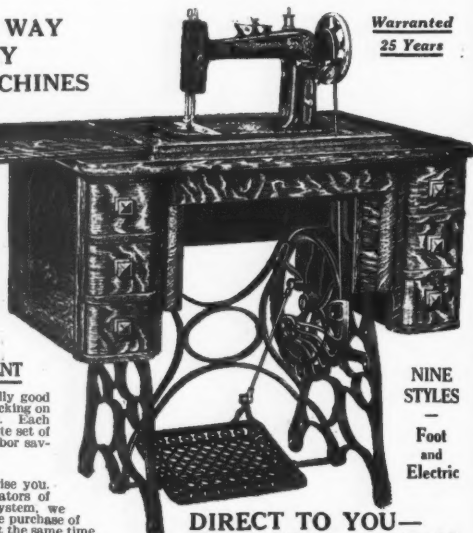
OUR LOW PRICES will surprise you. As originators of the one-profit, factory-to-home system, we can save you a large amount on the purchase of a high grade sewing machine and at the same time send you a machine that you will be proud to own and show to friends.

YOU MAY TRY IT THREE MONTHS BEFORE DECIDING Every machine is sold subject to purchasers' approval. If not satisfactory after you have tried it in your home three months, you have only to notify us, and we will take it back at our expense, and refund your entire remittance. Be sure to write for full particulars of this liberal offer.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT We pay all freight charges to your nearest freight station. There'll be no extra cost to you after paying our low factory-to-home price.

HOW TO FIND OUT How all this can be accomplished is best explained in our new Illustrated Booklet which is sent free to any inquirer. Don't be satisfied with an inferior machine, but write for our attractive terms before making a selection. Your address on coupon will bring booklet by return mail.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
8 Arlington Street
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



Warranted
25 Years

NINE
STYLES
—
Foot
and
Electric

DIRECT TO YOU—
CUTS PRICE IN TWO

SEND NO MONEY
But Mail Coupon Today

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION (Sewing Machine Dept.)
Boston, Mass. 6045

Gentlemen: I want to know more about the New Companion. Without obligating me please send your new Illustrated Descriptive Booklet, and full particulars.

Name
Address



THE YOUTH'S COMPANION is an illustrated weekly paper for all the family. Issued weekly by the Perry Mason Company, The Youth's Companion, Publication Office, Rumford Building, Ferry Street, CONCORD, N. H., Editorial and business offices, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. Subscription price is \$2.50 a year, in advance, including postage prepaid to any address in the United States and Canada, and \$3.00 to foreign countries. Entered as second-class matter, Nov. 1, 1923, at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Renewal Payment should be sent directly to the address below and receipt will be acknowledged by change in the expiration date following the subscriber's address on the margin of the paper. Payment to a stranger is made at the risk of the subscriber.

Remittances should be made by Post Office Money Order, Express Money Order, Registered Letter or Bank Draft. No other way by mail is safe.

Always give the name of the Post Office to which your paper is sent. In asking for change of address be sure to give the old as well as the new address. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

Manuscripts offered for publication should, in every case, be addressed to The Editors. A personal address delay consideration of them. An addressed envelope of appropriate size, bearing sufficient postage for the return of the manuscript, should always be included.

LETTERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED and orders made payable to

PERRY MASON COMPANY
The Youth's Companion
Boston, Mass.

THE HYGIENE OF OLD AGE

SHAKESPEARE'S seven ages of man is a truly scientific and rational division of life's course, but for medical purposes a division into three stages is physiologically sufficient. These three stages are youth, adulthood and old age, or growth, maturity and decline. Normally each is about thirty years in duration, the entire space of human life being ninety years—if a man starts with a good heredity and lives sensibly.

The normal process of old age is that of atrophy. Growth has long since ceased; the equilibrium of adult life when new cells and new tissues are formed to replace those worn out is at an end, and now the loss of cells and tissues is no longer fully compensated. The result is that there is a gradual yielding of all the life forces. The muscles are weaker; the heart is less regular; the sight and the hearing grow poorer; the memory begins to fail, and the man is conscious that he has less initiative and less ability to carry on. Notwithstanding these retrograde changes many old people are hale and hearty and boast that despite their years they are as good as ever. Unfortunately they sometimes try to prove it by undertaking a "stunt" that is beyond their powers, and the result is calamitous.

The young may and usually do commit hygienic errors without apparently paying any price,—payment comes later,—but the old must pay ready money for every transgression against the laws of health. It behooves the old man therefore to give attention to the hygiene peculiar to his age. In the first place he needs much less food than the young or the middle-aged; by eating beyond his needs he subjects his system to a heavy burden. Hearty suppers he must avoid, but a couple of soda biscuits with a cup of warm milk at bedtime will woo sleep.

Although the old are apt to sleep less than the young, they should take long hours in bed, at least eight. Exercise is very necessary, but it must not be violent. A moderately brisk walk of, say, two miles is the best form. Golf is not to be recommended for a man over seventy with weakening heart and hardened arteries. The daily bath should be neither very cold nor very hot. A mild laxative or mineral oil every day is advisable. The old are susceptible to cold and should be warmly clad when out of doors in winter. The golden word is moderation.

WHEN PRIVATE DOYLE WINKED AT THE GENERAL

DURING the Great War Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, well past the age for active military service, joined a volunteer regiment of reserves intended for home defense in case of invasion. His experiences as he records them in his recent reminiscences were sometimes amusing.

"I remember," he says, "a new adjutant arriving and reviewing us. When he got opposite me his eyes were caught by my South African medal.

"You have seen service, my man," said he. "Yes, sir," I answered. "He was a little cocky fellow who might well have been my son as far as age went. When he had passed down the line he said to our commanding officer, St. Quintin:

"Who is that big fellow on the right of the rear rank?"

"That's Sherlock Holmes," said the c. o.

"Good Lord!" said the adjutant. "I hope he does not mind my 'my man-ing' him!"

"He just loves it," said St. Quintin, which showed that he knew me."

An experience at a review a dozen years or so earlier, just before the campaign in which Sir Arthur won his South African medal, was less enjoyable at the time, though amusing when it was over.

"We were reviewed by the old Duke of Cambridge in some drill hall in London," he says. "We were drawn up in our new khaki uniforms and were wearing our tropical helmets for the royal duke's inspection. I was standing in front on the right flank. With my eyes fixed rigidly before me I was aware nevertheless that the old duke with his suite was coming across to begin at my end. Presently he halted in front of me and stood motionless. I remained quite rigid, looking past him. He continued to stand so near me that I could hear and almost feel his puffy breath.

"What on earth!" I wondered, but I gave no sign.

"At last he spoke. 'What is this?' he asked, then louder, 'What is this?' and finally, in a sort of ecstasy, 'What is it?'"

"I never moved an eyelash. There was whispering among the suite; something was explained, and the funny old man passed on. It seems that what was worrying the dear old gentleman—he was aged about eighty at the time—was that my tunic buttons had no mark upon them—a thing that he had never seen in Her Majesty's army."

Buttons were not counted so important in the Great War, and even the rigidity of military forms was occasionally relaxed. Theoretically a private may not wink at a general, yet Private Doyle winked and was not court-martialed. He was standing by the roadside when a newly made general whom he had known well in old times in Egypt glanced along the ranks and their eyes encountered.

"Surprised out of all military etiquette," says Sir Arthur, "he smiled and nodded. What is a private in the ranks to do when a general smiles and nods? He can't formally stand to attention and salute. I fear that what I did was to close and then open my left eye!"

THING PUZZLES AND WORD PUZZLES

IN an interesting French book, written nearly fifty years ago, it is pointed out that puzzles or enigmas have always been of two kinds—one popular and familiar from remote antiquity among peasants and illiterates as well as the more scholarly, the other literary and enjoyed only in more cultured society. These two sorts may be called thing puzzles and word puzzles. Thing puzzles, some of the surviving examples of which are very old, are often simple and rather childish; for example, here is one of the oldest:

"I wonder about my home; water flows past. Men come; the house goes out of the windows, and I am a prisoner. What am I?"

The answer, which needs some explaining and really is not very good, is, "I am a fish caught in a net."

Better known, at least outside France, is another of the same kind, of which a literal translation is:

"Four feet upon four feet:
Four feet awaiting four feet:
Four feet do not come:
Four feet go away:
Four feet remain."

The solution in a recent free rendering runs:

"A cat on a four-legged chair was sitting,
Waiting an enemy cat and spitting.
Cat doth not come:
Cat doth go:
The chair remaineth: cheerio!"

Thing puzzles are indeed long out of fashion; nor does it appear likely that they will return to favor. Word puzzles of many kinds—anagram, acrostic, charade and cross-word puzzle, demanding wider knowledge, less naïveté and livelier wits, have their ups and downs, come and go and return again. The present fad for cross-word puzzles will no doubt soon wane. But good ones are really clever and require cleverness. Perhaps a century hence everybody will be hard at work over them again.

A SHOOTING MATCH ON THE MENU

THREE young women, teachers from a Western city, were touring Europe during a summer vacation. While in Paris they sat down at a table with another woman, not of their nationality, who also was traveling. They had made her acquaintance, and they all found it agreeable to dine together. As the waiter presented the menu one of the teachers glanced through it and remarked, "Well, girls, there's no making anything out of this, so let's order the whole shooting match."

The others assented, and they had an excellent dinner.

Several weeks later all four were in a German restaurant. As the waiter came for their order the foreign tourist exclaimed with enthusiasm:

"Do have that military dinner I liked so much in Paris. The shooting match, I think you called it."

SCORE ONE FOR THE BULL

A FARMER had an Irish lad in his employ, says the Tatler, and, hearing that the previous day he had been attacked by a bull, the farmer went to find him.

"Hello, Pat," he said, "I heard you had an encounter with a bull yesterday. Who came off best?"

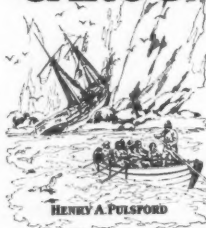
Pat scratched his head and grinned. "Sure, your honor," he said, "it was a toss up."

The SCARLET COCKEREL

By C. M. SUBLETTE
The Hawes \$2,000 Prize Story

French Huguenot colonists, Creek Indians, proud Spaniards from Florida and lively English sailor men crowd the pages of this story of a French boy, who is called "The Scarlet Cockerel." \$2.00 postpaid

OLD BRIG'S CARGO



A stirring tale of the adventures of an American boy and his mother caught in France at the time of the Napoleonic wars, and held as British hostages. \$2.00 postpaid

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
BOOK SHOP

8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

A New England lad goes treasure hunting for the old brig's cargo in the brave days of sailing vessels eighty years ago. A real sea thriller. \$2.00 postpaid

The CLUTCH of the CORSICAN



ALFRED H. BILL

The Adventures of BURGESS RADIO BATTERIES



The World Flyers
Carried Burgess



They're in the Wireless
Room of the Leviathan



Standard Equipment of
United States Submarines

Remarkable are the adventures of Burgess Radio Batteries. And where there's danger—upon, above, or below the earth, sky and sea, will be found Burgess Batteries—laboratory products.

"Ask Any Radio Engineer"

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
Engineers DRY BATTERIES Manufacturers
Flashlight - Radio - Ignition - Telephone
General Sales Office: Harris Trust Bldg., Chicago.
Laboratories and Works: Madison, Wisc.

In Canada: Niagara Falls and Winnipeg



THEY LOVE THEIR ZOO

EVERY few weeks, says Dr. W. T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Park, some one writes me a scorching letter because I keep wild animals in good zoological parks. When I reply to these rebukes I point out that our beasts and birds are safe from guns and traps, that they have good food and water and dry, warm places to sleep—in short, that they are better off than their wild-roaming relatives. A number of our animals have tried to prove the truth of my contentions. Take, for example, the case of the herd of fallow deer. Our buffalo corral has a fence only seventy-two inches high, whereas all our deer and elk fences are eighty-eight inches. But once we were obliged to put half a dozen fallow deer temporarily with the buffaloes. On the fourth day the deer gracefully vaulted over the fence and disappeared in the upper Bronx. Perhaps a week later they returned, jumped back into the bison range and went to chewing our red clover hay as if they never had spurned it.

We had a funny sloth bear that was able to warp himself round the sharp-pointed overhanging bars of his corral and get out. On his first escapade the keepers, taking clubs for self-defense, chased him with lassos, whereupon he wheeled round and ran for the bear dens as hard as he could go. He found his own den, wildly scrambled up to the top of the overhang and dropped down on the inside. On another occasion he was found loitering round the beaver pond, and again when the men tried to close in on him he raced back home and climbed in to safety. Then we put things on the overhang of his cage to hold him within bounds. Such escapes were most unusual. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred whenever a sizable bear escapes in a zoo the only thing to do is to shoot him.

Many times birds, large and small, have escaped from our great flying cage and elsewhere and been glad to dart back home through the door opened for them. Many a black-crowned night heron has perched for hours on the ridge-pole of the flying cage, lamenting because he could not get in to enjoy the fish and good society down below.

Just now the drollest sight in the park is the woodchuck that thinks he owns the small mammal house. Nearly every morning the keeper lets him out. Chucky scouts round, and when he has finished his tour of inspection he scrambles back into the building, gallops half the length of it, unerringly finds his own cage, scrambles up the guard rail, jumps across to the gutter and pops inside.

♦ ♦

WHERE THEY PAID IN SUGAR

IN St. Kitts, or St. Christopher, an island in the West Indies, during the great days of its prosperity, which extended from the reign of William and Mary well into the reign of George IV, there was little or no handling of money. Everything, says Sir Frederick Treves in the Cradle of the Deep, was paid for in sugar, indigo or tobacco.

Servants' wages were paid in sugar. A skilled artisan, after four years of free service, received four thousand pounds a year. That curious salary he would exchange for goods sent out from England. He must have found it difficult to find a bank or a strong box for his savings, for four thousand pounds of sugar take up room, and a thrifty man who spent much less in a year than he earned would find himself in a few years with enough sugar laid by to fill a barn.

Slaves were bought and sold in terms of sugar. The purchaser of an estate could pay for it either in indigo or in tobacco or in sugar. The wife of the governor of the island once set her heart upon a piece of Smyrna carpet, the price of which was seventeen hundred pounds of sugar; of course she didn't pay for it over the counter. A woman who went downtown shopping in those good old days must have taken a slave along trundling a wheelbarrow of sugar for her insignificant purchases of needles and pins and soaps and perfumeries; when she went to look for Easter finery she must have been accompanied by a four-horse dray!

♦ ♦

UNPREPARED

ON the whole, declares the Tatler, he was a decent little chap, but, as he had an unfortunate predilection for cricket, it is not astonishing that he should occasionally have played truant from school to indulge in his favorite sport. But, alas, he was always found out, and the consequences were always dire.

One day, however, he hit on a bright idea. Going to a telephone, he called up his teacher and, assuming a deep, mature voice, explained that his son would be unable to attend school that day.

"Thank you very much for the message," courteously replied the teacher. "Who is it speaking?"

The query somewhat staggered the small delinquent. "Er—this is my father speaking," he faltered lamely.

Ingersoll

Reliable Watches
at Low Prices



Ingersoll

New Model Yankee

Dependable, as always, but with many new features of grace and beauty. **\$1.75**



Ingersoll

Yankee Radiolite

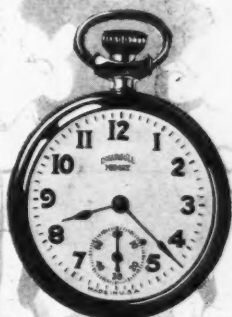
The Yankee with Radiolite figures and hands. Tells time in the dark. **\$2.75**



Ingersoll

New Model Junior

Handsome, new and improved model. Thin; 12 size. Nickel case. **\$3.50**



Ingersoll

New Model Midget

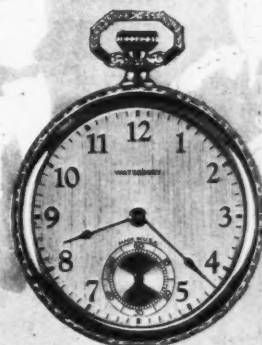
For women, girls, and small boys. Nickel case; guaranteed movement. **\$3.50**



Ingersoll

Wrist Radiolite

Just the watch for boys going to summer camps; Tells time in the dark. **\$4.50**



WATERBURY
Rolled Gold-plate Case

4-jewels; stylish 12-size. Green or white 14-k rolled gold-plate case. **\$9.50**



To Future Tennis Champions:

Accuracy, agility and stamina are necessary if you are going to last in the grueling test of a championship match.

A tennis player has to look after his health - twelve months of the year. Good teeth are an important part of Good Health. So care for your teeth if you hope to be a tennis champion.

Sincerely yours,

George Agutter

Coach, West Side
Tennis Club,
Forest Hills, L.I.

Good Teeth

Help You Stand the Grind

Use Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream

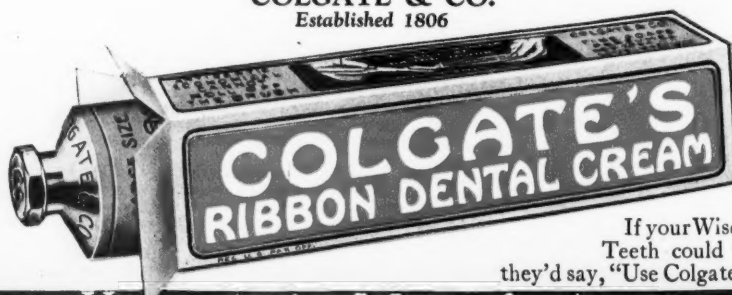
It's a tremendous strain to keep up a terrific service, vigorous offense, strong defense — game after game — set after set.

Health, strength, skill and form win matches. George Agutter, the coach at the West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills — where so many big matches are played — knows what he's talking about when he says good

teeth are an important part of good health. For twenty years Mr. Agutter has coached tennis players in England, France and the United States.

Good service from your teeth results from brushing them after every meal and before bedtime with a *safe* dentifrice. Colgate's is safe. It *removes* causes of tooth decay. It does not scour the enamel. A large tube — 25c.

COLGATE & CO.
Established 1806



If your Wisdom
Teeth could talk
they'd say, "Use Colgate's".

Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture